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WHAT YOU SAY IS WHAT YOU GET
Sexual Communication

NAKED SANDS
The fight for nude beaches

The Love Cure
HOW TO PATCH A BROKEN HEART– QUICKLY

The Love Cure Quiz

Recuperating from a love affair that has ended is usually a long, slow process. Starting on page 26 you'll find some suggestions on how to make things better, sooner. Try the quiz below, then see how psychologist Zev Wanderer suggests responding if you're taking The Love Cure. *The answers are at the bottom of page 28.*

SYMPTOM: You feel sad when going to places you used to go with your lover.
CURE: (a) Avoid those places; (b) go to those places only on special days; (c) go to those places many times, with new friends.

SYMPTOM: Every time you see personal items left behind by your lover, you feel nostalgic.
CURE: (a) Put the items away in a box. Later, spend an entire day looking through the items and feeling sad; (b) throw everything away as soon as the affair has ended; (c) leave everything right where it is until the pain goes away.

SYMPTOM: You can't get thoughts of your ex-lover out of your head.
CURE: (a) Try and think of something else, which will force the unwanted thoughts from your head; (b) write the thoughts down, then read them at the same time every day while soaking your feet in cold water; (c) take a cold shower.

SYMPTOM: After it's over, you want to see your old lover, in order to be friends.
CURE: (a) Do it; (b) don't do it; (c) do it, but only after a period of separation.

advisor

THE JOURNAL OF HUMAN SEXUALITY

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COVER: Photography by Ron Mesaros

my turn

A LITTLE STRIP OF BEACH

Once upon a time, many years ago, a wise person said, "There's nothing new under the sun." That's still true today. The current controversy over nude beaches (see p. 36) proves it.

Listen to this: "In view of recently intensified attempts by censoring agencies to impose stricter controls on the exposure of the human body, and on its portrayal in photographs or in art, it is especially interesting to find this increase in the acceptance of nudity . . . Evidently most persons are not in sympathy with the censorship which a small but vigorous minority has been attempting to impose on the American population."

That may sound like a quote from last week's *Time Magazine*, but it's not. Those are the words Alfred C. Kinsey wrote in 1953 when describing the overwhelming acceptance of nudity uncovered by his famous studies of American sexuality. The increase he refers to is the substantial difference between the acceptability of nudity among persons born before 1900 (most disapproved) and those born after that date (over 90 percent approved).

The applicability of Kinsey's account to today's furor over the establishment of a few "clothing optional" beaches is depressing. It makes me feel that Americans haven't learned much during the last quarter of a century. We have spent millions of dollars finding out how to get and stay healthy; we have discovered that positive attitudes about your body are necessary for both mental and physical health; we continue to let a vociferous minority stand between us and the situations that contribute to the development of those attitudes. This is ridiculous.

It is also fascinating. Our fears about seeing naked human bodies are among the most curious parts of human history. Sitting in front of my typewriter with a mind full of modern American thoughts, I cannot understand how ancient religious leaders convinced themselves that the mere sight of skin meant sin. Not just a simple no-no, mind you, but the real thing. For example, the Orthodox Jewish code says that if a woman must choose between standing nude before a man in order to save his life and letting him die, then it's bye-bye.

The worst part about this is the implication that nudity and sexuality are the same thing. This code, like the less strict Catholic and Protestant varieties, assumes that there can be only one reason for taking off your clothes. Both common sense and the existence of strictly social organizations of nudists prove the folly of this thinking. Still the general belief that any person who isn't completely clothed in public stands at the brink of sexual frenzy lives on.

Though I may not understand the causes of such silly prohibitions, I do understand their consequences. They make sure that our children grow up with shame instead of celebration. They put labels like "perverted" and "sick" on Americans who believe in the healthiness of nudity.

Legalizing a limited number—or even a lot—of nude beaches won't solve all these problems. It will allow those Americans who believe in the importance of being comfortable with your body to practice what they preach. Though there still won't be anything new under the sun, there will be something nude. That sounds good to me.

Joyce Dudney Fleming: Editor

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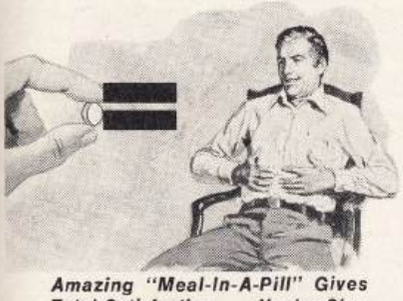

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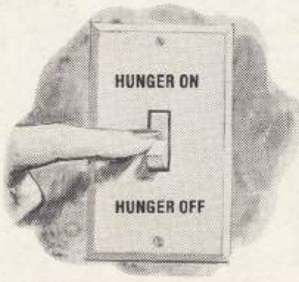

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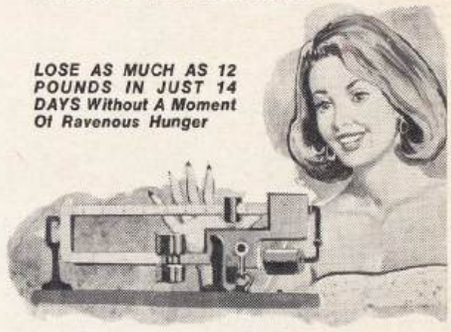

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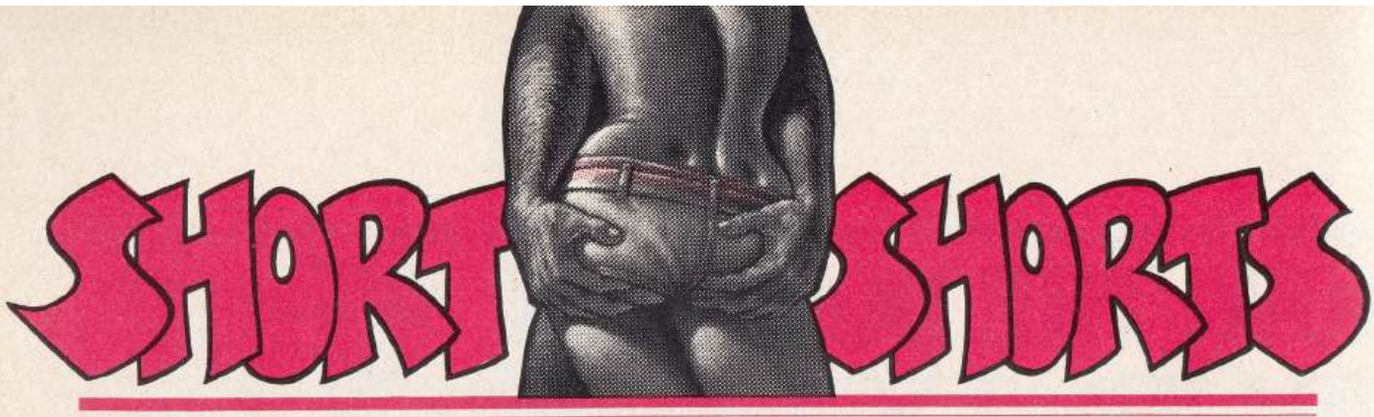


REPORTED BY SHERIDA BUSH

CESAREANS FAVORED

The birth canal, once a highly-favored route for the delivery of infants, seems to be losing favor in Brazil.

Many Brazilian women, according to *The New York Times,* prefer cesarean deliveries and believe that the operation will spare them pain or physical deformity. Although the operation is illegal if done for non-medical reasons, Brazilian physicians seem cooperative, perhaps because cesarean deliveries are more profitable.

Some Brazilian women prefer the operation because they fear the pain of childbirth or because they hold misconceptions about what childbirth will do to their bodies. Many of them believe that normal deliveries will cause permanent vaginal and uterine deformities that may hinder their sex lives. One 28-year-old woman said she had chosen a surgical delivery because "some friends warned me that a normal childbirth would somehow leave me internally deformed as far as sexual activity."

Meanwhile, some Brazilian medical authorities have spoken out against cesarean deliveries and a government official attacked the private medical system in Brazil for engaging in an expensive public relations campaign supporting cesarean births. ◔

FINGERS OF GUILT

Eighteenth and nineteenth century physicians believed that masturbation caused any number of illnesses, from weak eyes and stooped shoulders to tuberculosis, epilepsy and schizophrenia. Nobody knows exactly why doctors linked autoeroticism with disease in the first place, but guilt from these archaic beliefs still lingers today.

As Dr. William Miller and Harold Lief, PhD, note in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior,* "the effects of our history are not easily dissipated by rational thinking and scientific evidence." To find out how people in the medical profession feel about masturbation, the researchers surveyed 850 medical students. They found that 76 percent of the students believe masturbation is healthy. About 16 percent—more of them residents than fourth-year

Double Trouble

Two heads may be better than one, but two penises have their drawbacks. An estimated 80 cases of males born with a double penis have been reported in the last four centuries, according to Dr. A.S. Sotriopoulos in *Human Sexuality.* Both penises were not always well-formed. Males with a double penis usually have other congenital abnormalities and they do not often live to adulthood. Most of those who did live suffered psychological problems because of their abnormality.

Men who had two distinct penises were usually capable of having erections in both of them. One man was able to use either penis for intercourse but ejaculation was possible in only one. Both his left and right penis were of almost equal length. ◔

students—said it caused emotional and mental illness.

Those who had never masturbated were more conservative in their views and virgins of both sexes were more likely never to have masturbated.

Most of the men (97 percent) and women (78 percent) said they had masturbated. Nineteen percent of the women had masturbated before the age of 10. Surprisingly, they were more uptight about premarital sex than women who started masturbating at a later age. They also had fewer sexual experiences than the late masturbators.

In keeping with the trend toward more sexual freedom for women, Miller and Lief found that female graduate students had more liberal attitudes toward masturbation than male graduate students.

Peeping People

Lurking and looking may soon be illegal for *everyone* in North Carolina, where the state legislature will consider a revision of the Peeping Tom law.

At the moment, North Carolina law says that only a man can be a peering person, and then only if he's caught looking at a female. In recognition of the wonderful variation in human sexuality, Senator Katherine Sebo and Representative Robert Jones have introduced a bill that makes it a misdemeanor for everyone to peep at anyone. If the bill passes, men will have an expanded opportunity to be arrested, since it will be illegal for them to peep at men, as well as at women, and for the first time women will have an opportunity to go to the stir for staring. All eyes are now on the legislature.

ILLUSTRATIONS: DENNIS ELLEFSON

POPULATION PROBLEMS

India has one of the most critical population problems in the world. After a fitful start, India's family planning program is finally showing promising progress.

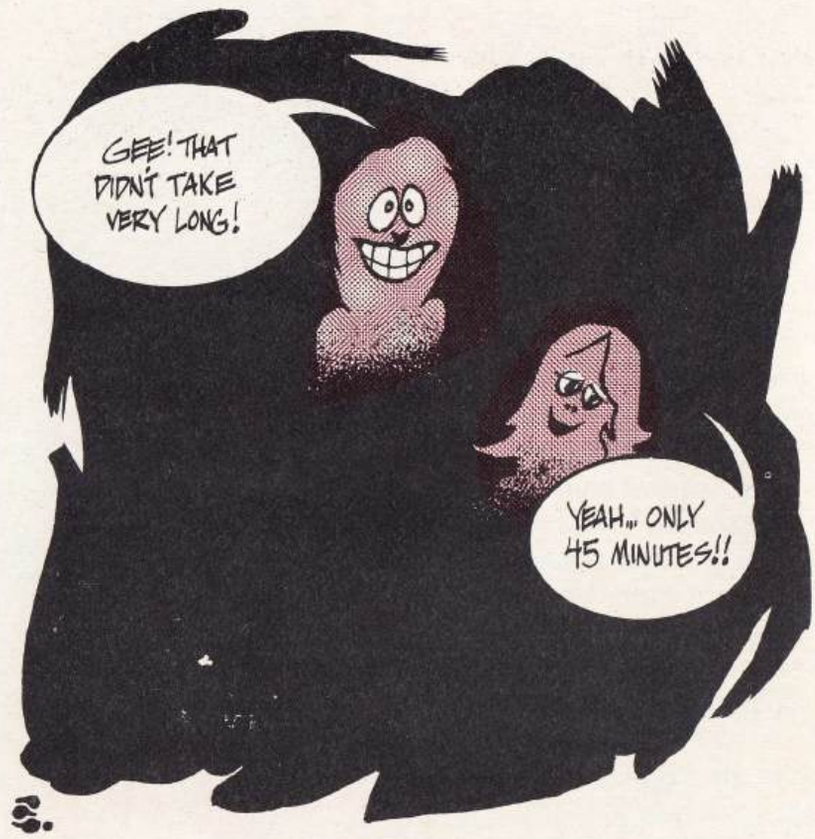
As reported in *The New York Times*, the country's family planning program was given top national priority last year. New local regulations and state laws were established to encourage birth control and limit family size.

The government is favoring with highly prized federal jobs those who've kept their families small. Vasectomies and tubal ligations are four times as frequent as they were a couple of years ago, and 20 percent of the fertile population use birth control.

The program is not without its problems. Religious leaders in one Moslem area complain that compulsory sterilization is being enforced by local officials, even though it's not required by law. These leaders claim, as written in *The Hastings Report*, that at least 50 villagers have been killed in protests over the issue. This comes down to the right to reproduce, and

what Prime Minister Indira Gandhi calls "the human right of the nation, the right to live, the right to progress."

Neighboring Pakistan is fighting an even harder uphill battle against its population problem. Pakistan officially recognized a need for an intensive national birth control program long before most underdeveloped countries. They have spent over $50 million on birth control education and the distribution of contraceptives during the last 10 years. Yet a recent survey shows that only six percent of the fertile population is using any method of birth control. Unlike India, sterilization is not popular with the Pakistanis. The major reason for the program's failure is probably because the people are somewhat inhibited by their orthodox Moslem religion. ◑



HELP FOR PREMATURE EJACULATORS

The definition of premature ejaculation varies among sex researchers. Masters and Johnson say a man is a premature ejaculator if he cannot control ejaculation long enough to satisfy his partner at least half the times they have intercourse. Other researchers say he is a man who ejaculates before vaginal penetration or after only a few strokes. Whatever the definition, some men who think they suffer from premature ejaculation probably don't; they simply are unaware of what a short time intercourse often takes. In *Human Sexuality,* Dr. Gordon Deckert explains that once active coital thrusting begins orgasm occurs after 30 to 50 thrusting movements, on the average. This takes one to three minutes.

For those who actually do have the problem, the result is often an unsatisfied partner. But William Mikulas and John Lowe of the University of West Florida offer hope. They asked 10 couples to follow a written guide they had developed. The guide is based on the well-known techniques Masters and Johnson devised to help premature ejaculators. The basic procedure starts with the female stimulating her partner's penis until he signals he is about to ejaculate. She then gently squeezes the ridge of the penis, which stops the man's urge to ejaculate. This continues until the man gains ejaculatory control. The couple then uses this squeeze technique with intercourse.

Before treatment, the men could control ejaculation for an average of less than two minutes. After only about three weeks of treatment, they maintained ejaculatory control for 28 minutes.

Despite the success of this program, there is one drawback: a man must have a partner willing to go through treatment with him. Dr. David Marcotte and research associate

continued on page 8

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ADPU-6/7

Daniel Weiss report in the *Journal of Sex Education and Therapy* a new technique for treating premature ejaculation that doesn't require partner cooperation. Marcotte and Weiss believe that when a man's pubococcygeus, or P-C muscle is tense, it stimulates orgasm. When it is relaxed, it inhibits orgasm. Men, they say, can be taught how to relax the P-C muscle in a short period of time. When they taught the method to four subjects in a preliminary study, all were able to delay orgasm.

The Active Low

It looks like the rapist is at the bottom of the intelligence list after burglars, kidnappers, forgers, drug pushers, murderers and other assorted criminals.

Carol Ruff and her colleagues report in the *Archives of Sexual Behavior* that the average IQ score for the rapists they tested was 83. A score of 100 is considered average intelligence. The researchers also tested convicts who committed nonviolent and violent crimes other than sexual offenses. Their average score was 94, still below average but higher than the rapist.

SEX AND PARALYSIS

Women who have been partially paralyzed by spinal cord injuries can still have satisfying sex lives. Vocational rehabilitation counselor Sue Bregman interviewed 31 such women, reports *Human Behavior*, and found that all had some type of sexual experience after their injuries. Twenty-seven of them had had intercourse. Some of them were paralyzed from the shoulders down.

Many of the disabled women had to fight strong fears of rejection in order to learn what erotic sensations were still open to them. Sexual excitement was not always a matter of physical sensation for the women—sharing erotic stories, soft music and emotional closeness with their partners were important parts of their sex lives. Many also enjoyed being caressed, even though there was no physical sensation. The orgasms that the women achieved were similar to those of able-bodied women.

The Golden Gay Years

Do you picture the aging gay male wiling away lonely hours in despair and bitterness? Psychologist Douglas Kimmel of the City College of New York found a different reality, reports *Behavior Today*. He questioned 14 gay men from the ages of 55 to 81 and found that they had varied, satisfying lifestyles. He also found that a homosexual man may have the advantage of having to make fewer adjustments to aging than the heterosexual man with a family. One homosexual said, "The preparation for old age is much better among gays than it is among heterosexuals. Because you've always been that way, you haven't expected anyone to take care of you except yourself."

All of the men felt that sexuality was important in their lives, and they were all engaging in satisfying sex. Some of them said their sexuality was even more satisfying now than when they were younger.

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COUNSEL BY LEONORE TIEFER, PhD

ADVISOR Advises

Psychologist Leonore Tiefer invites questions on all aspects of human sexuality. She will answer as many letters as possible in this column. Write to: Leonore Tiefer, PhD, ADVISOR, Suite 2310, 1801 Century Park East, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

FIND-A-MATE

Where can I find someone who wants to try a live-in relationship? This may sound strange, but let me explain. We read a lot about "dating" groups or "swinging" groups nowadays, but what about men and women who really don't want to date or swing?

Believe me, there are *many* of us who get all the dates and all the sex we want, but desire something deeper than that! Do you know of any organization, referral agency, or group that provides names of people who are interested in a live-in relationship with someone of the opposite sex? The individuals would, of course, want to meet and date a few times to make sure they were compatible.

There are a lot of us out here who would like an answer to this.

P.K.
Omaha, NE

I'm sorry that you're having such a hard time meeting someone who is interested in the same sort of relationship/living arrangement as you. I agree that living with someone is quite different from dating or swinging (although many otherwise monogamous couples do swing).

Although there are organizations where individuals are matched and introduced on the basis of interest in cohabitation, I don't know of any in your region of the country. I would hesitate to provide the names of such organizations, anyway, without checking them out first, and I am obviously unable to do that. I would suggest that you look for such agencies in the classified sections of local "hip" newspapers, the yellow pages of the phone directory, hotlines of local crisis centers or check with counseling clinics in your area for their recommendations.

I would hope that such an organization would match people not merely on the basis of their desiring a live-in roommate of the other sex, but also because the individuals had a number of interests in common. Just as a marriage won't survive after the first blush of passion is over if the individuals do not share some interests, one wouldn't expect cohabitating couples to survive if the individuals were dissimilar. In the long run, you might find it easier to locate someone compatible through groups, clubs and places where people do the kinds of things you like, rather than through a cohabitation-referral agency. But, maybe not!

ANAL LOVE

I am married and the mother of three children. I have a wonderful husband who is a former football player. He is 6-2, weighs 255 pounds, and has an 8 inch penis which I love.

I think I have a problem, though. I love the sight of men's buttocks.

Two weeks ago I had a few too many drinks and told my husband about it. He

said he wished I would have told him sooner, because he loves to have his ass sucked.

Two minutes after I told him he had his pants off, and was on his hands and knees. I buried my head in his ass, and gave him the full treatment. Every night before sex I do this to him. Is this normal? **M.M.**
Minneapolis, MN

If by normal do you mean do most people do it, then the answer is clearly no. Anal-ingus, the act of orally stimulating someone's anus, is practiced by fewer people in our society than oral-genital contact.

Nevertheless, if by normal do you mean is it free from danger to either of you, then the answer is yes. Many people who practice oral-anal contact swear that it provides very enjoyable sensations, and that they wouldn't give it up for the world.

It is to your credit that you were able to share your desire with your husband, even if it took a little alcoholic lubrication to get you to do it. And it is to his credit that of the many responses he could have made, he responded with enthusiasm and encouragement. One is often put off by the uncommon desires of a long-term partner, feeling that the desire for a novel experience indicates dissatisfaction with the present forms of lovemaking. As you so clearly express, you are crazy about sex with your husband, and suggested the anal addition in order to make a good thing better. There's a lesson in that for the rest of us.

IMPOTENCE

I have a lot of questions about impotence. I am a 39-year-old man who has been married and divorced twice. Until about a year ago I had a very satisfactory sex life. Then, for the first time, I failed to perform normally. I was shocked. I never dreamed that this could happen to me.

I had just worked a graveyard shift with a woman and neither of us had slept for more than 24 hours. We went to my apartment and after the usual foreplay I was fully erect and entered her. However, I soon lost my erection.

In the morning she helped me regain my erection several times, but each time I entered her I became soft. I really wanted to have sex with her, but I was helpless.

I saw her five or six times after that first incident. Even though she could bring me to a climax by masturbation and we satisfied each other orally, I was able to come inside of her only once. After I failed several other times, I felt I couldn't face her any more. Even though she thought she could help me with my problem, I stopped seeing her.

For several months I didn't go out with anyone. I masturbated almost every day and each time I wondered what was wrong. About six months ago I met another woman whom I liked very much, but almost the same thing happened with her. Just prior to going to bed with her things felt like they were going to be all right. But time and again the same thing happened.

She didn't want to stop seeing me, but I felt that the more I tried the worse the situation became. So here I am again, masturbating almost every day and wondering what to do.

I hope you will forgive me for such a long letter, but many things keep going through my mind, and it is important for me to find the answer to my problem. Here are my questions:

1. Could masturbation over a period of several years affect my performance with women?
2. I had a back injury about 20 years ago. It didn't affect me sexually then. Could that be my problem now?
3. I was an alcoholic until quitting completely four years ago. I didn't suffer from impotence while I was drinking, but could there be any connection with that?
4. I've heard a lot about impotence and diabetes. Could my problem be a warning about diabetes? How can I find out?
5. I sort of freeze up at the idea of talking to a doctor about my problem, especially a man. If I should decide to go to a doctor, would a female doctor resent me bringing such a case to her? Do you think it would be easier for me to talk to a woman, feeling as I do?

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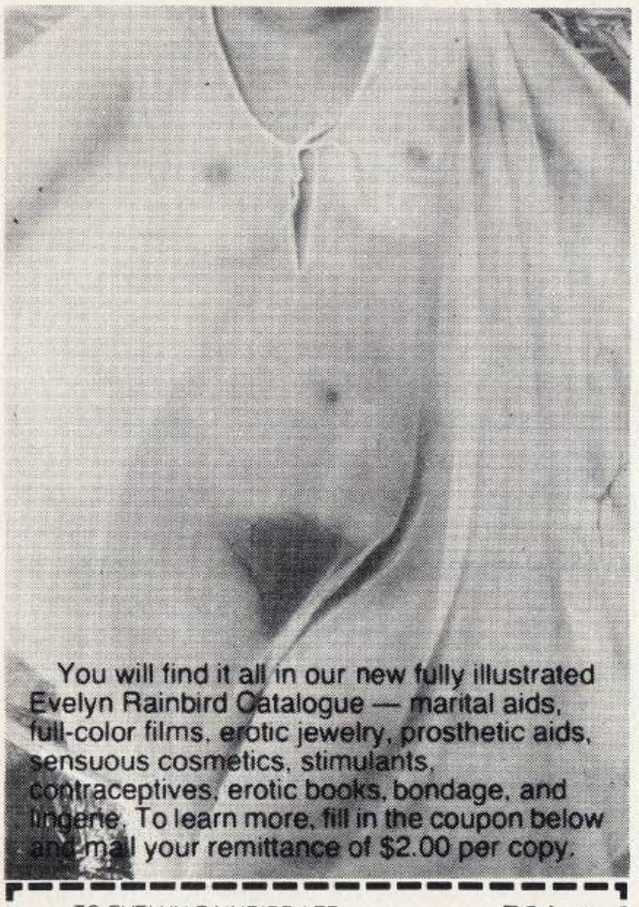

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Thanks for your assistance. I don't want to keep avoiding the women I meet every day for fear of what will happen. **J.D.**
Las Vegas, NV

Your letter provides the kind of detail that is helpful in understanding a person's situation. In attempting to decide what might be the source of your impotence, I can take a number of factors into account.

First, you have no trouble achieving an erection during sexual arousal, either alone or with a partner. Second, you have no trouble coming to orgasm with a partner, as long as the method does not involve intercourse. Third, you feel unworthy and demeaned if you cannot satisfy your partner the "regular" way. Fourth, you are embarrassed by and ashamed of your situation, as evidenced by your unwillingness to talk with a doctor about possible reasons for your impotence.

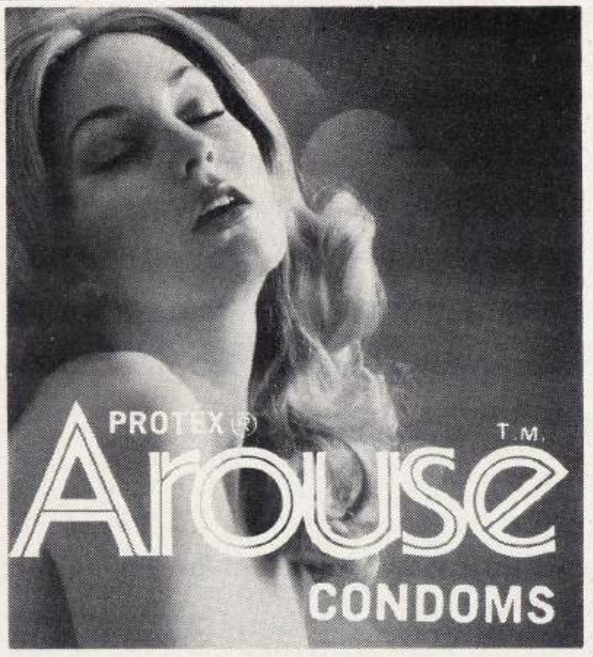
This is the kind of information I would want if you came to me for sex therapy consultation. I would need more information, of course, but with the foregoing data, I would tentatively conclude that your problem is largely due to worrying excessively about your potency and your masculine self-image.

To answer your questions specifically:

1. The only way that masturbation can affect your heterosexual performance is if you perceive a connection in your own mind. For example, if you feel dirty and guilty about masturbating so frequently, then perhaps in the heterosexual situation you think of yourself as dirty and wonder if your partner will find out. The anxiety arising from such a fear might make you impotent. There is no ***direct*** *relationship between masturbation and impotence, however.*

2. It is possible for progressive nerve damage to affect sexual functioning long after an original injury, but the fact that you are able to masturbate suggests that the problem is not in your back.

3. Alcohol should not be affecting your performance if you haven't been a heavy drinker for several years, especially if you showed no signs of impotence when you were drinking.



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4. Many long-term diabetics do suffer sexual problems, mostly because of damage in the nerves leading to and from the pelvic area. It is extremely unlikely that sex difficulties would be the first clue you had to a diabetic condition. If you wish to eliminate all doubt, ask your physician to perform the simple tests for diabetes.

5. Why do you hesitate about talking with a male doctor about your problem? I have every confidence in women doctors, but it would seem that a man might be able to empathize with your situation and offer useful advice. Your hesitancy in going to a male doctor suggests to me that you perceive your potency problem as unmasculine, and that you think another man would ridicule you and make the anguish greater. This attitude may well have contributed to the problem originally, and certainly has made it worse.

You must recognize that you had every physical reason to have difficulty maintaining an erection on that first occasion. After a sleepless 24 hours, no part of the body can be relied on to function normally, no matter how intense the stimulating conditions. Your response on that occasion, however, was not understanding or tolerance of your body's fatigued state. Rather it was, to use your word, "shock." Oftentimes, a first episode of impotence, completely understandable because of the conditions, escalates into permanent impotence because of the man's fear.

Unfortunately, you cannot go back to that first incident and erase your overreaction. You have now developed a chronic fear, and it will take some effort to overcome it. To conclude, I feel that your problem does not have a physical cause, but rather is a consequence of your own worrying and anxiety. A professional counselor will be able to advise you on how to overcome this problem. The longer you delay talking with someone, the longer you will continue to avoid women and fear the worst.

SEX AFTER PREGNANCY

I'm 25 and my wife is 23. We've been

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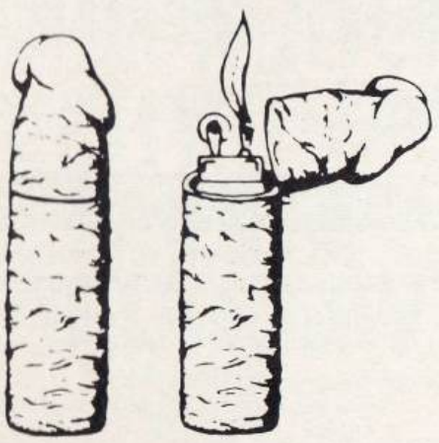

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married a little over four years, and our sex life was fantastic until about 18 months ago. Before my wife got pregnant, we did about everything a man and a woman can do sexually. She never had any qualms about oral sex, anal sex, or anything else.

The big change came when she was about six months pregnant. It seemed like her breasts were constantly sore, she didn't feel well, etc. As time went on, our sex life became nonexistent.

Understandably, most women are this way during their last month or so and just after a pregnancy, so I rode it out. I figured that our sex life would get back to normal after the baby was born.

Our daughter is a year old now, and as far as our sex life goes, well, it's just never gotten back to where it used to be. Although my wife does agree to intercourse now and then (about once every two weeks), all the other variations of our sex life are gone. She refuses to give or receive oral sex anymore, anal sex is strictly taboo now, and when I try to arouse her by kissing and fondling her breasts (which she used to love), it turns her off like everything else.

I tried to interest her in a threesome (either a male or a female) thinking that would put some spice back into our lives. At first she seemed to like the idea, especially a threesome involving another woman.

But two weeks later she did a complete 180 degree turn and said that she would never consider a threesome of any sort. I'm at my wits' end about what to do now. This problem is having an adverse effect on our marriage. What's going on and what should I do? **M.C.**
Chicago, IL

I can understand your dismay over the radical change in the sexual aspect of your marriage, but you give me no help in figuring out why things have changed so drastically. You tell me a lot about your frustration and disappointment, but you give me no insight into your wife's attitudes. Is this because ***you*** *have no idea*

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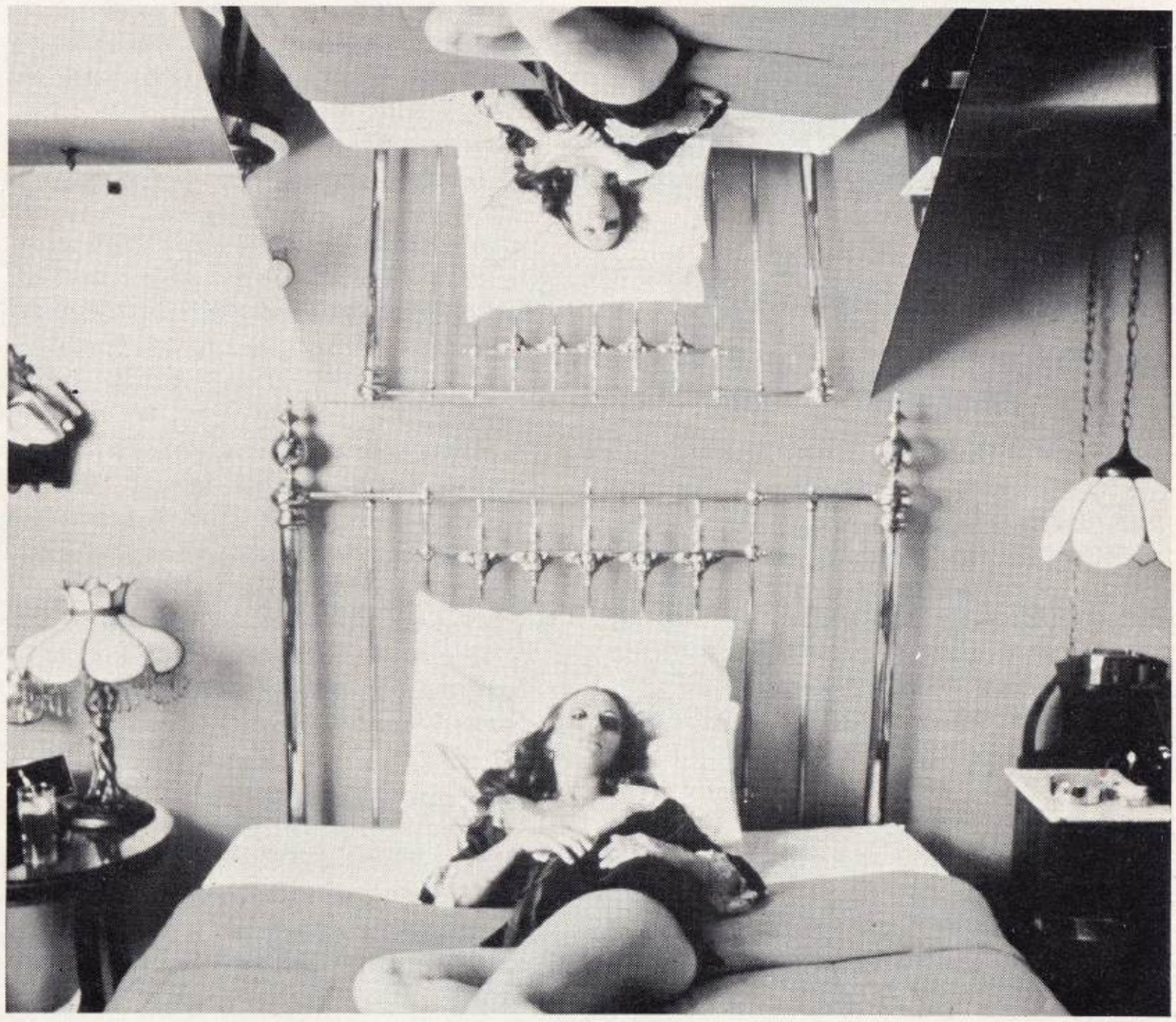

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what your wife thinks about these changes, perhaps because you've never discussed this openly?

If you and your wife don't discuss this, there is no way you can know whether your sex life will remain the same or will change. What are her perceptions of the changes in your sexual activities? Is she happy with things as they are? Her attitudes about sex have obviously changed, but why? Does she feel that your new status as parents requires a new kind of dignity in your private lives? How does she feel about the ways you have tried to get sexual activities between you back to the pre-pregnancy state? Does she perhaps feel pressured and angered by your insistence?

Have several discussions on these matters with her. Speak openly about your feelings and ask her to be equally candid. A professional counselor might be of help in getting such a discussion going. Once you find out her perceptions of the changes, and her feelings about future sex with you, write again and we'll think some more about this.

VD WITHOUT SEX?

I am a female, age 16. I've never had any kind of sexual relationship with anyone. I would like to know if I can get VD. How would I know without going to a doctor first?

How many days after menstruation is it all right to have sex? **M.J.**
Baltimore, MD

It is possible to get a venereal disease without sexual intercourse, if a diseased portion of a partner's body comes into contact with a hospitable site. For example, if your partner has VD and simply plays around with his penis near the vagina, you might catch the disease without actually completing intercourse.

Moreover, you can catch VD if you have oral sex with a man who has it. The only way you can find out if you have VD is to be checked by a medical person, either a doctor or someone in a public health

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clinic. The test for gonorrhea involves taking a smear of tissue and mucus from the vagina or the throat; the test for syphilis is done with a sample of blood. Public health clinics will maintain your privacy and secrecy ***completely;*** *you needn't fear anyone finding out that you've gone to a clinic, or what the outcome was.*

I am puzzled by your final question. It is physically possible to have sex on any day of the month, including during menstruation. Many people find sex at all times of the month exciting and pleasurable. If you are asking about VD, you can catch VD during any part of the month. If you are asking about pregnancy, then I must tell you that, without a contraceptive, no day of the month is completely safe. The egg leaves the ovary about 14 days before the beginning of your period (which can be a few days or several weeks after the end of your previous period) and can be fertilized for a period of 24 hours after it leaves the ovary. There are reliable records of women getting pregnant on every single day of their cycle (including during menstruation), so you cannot count on being safe without contraception. If you're asking about something else, I'm mystified as to what it could be.

BISEXUAL PARENT

I am a 24-year-old male bisexual. I have had a lot of trouble in my life accepting this sex style. I've been committed to a mental institution on two occasions for attempted suicides stemming from being unable to cope with this, although I now feel able to accept it.

I've been married twice, and I'm now married for the third time to a completely accepting and understanding wife whom I love very much. We have a one-year-old daughter.

I also have a lasting relationship with a man who lives across the street. This has been going on for two years. Every night about 9 p.m. I go over there and stay until 2 or 3 in the morning.

My question is: should I tell my daughter about myself? If so, at what age? I would hate to have her find out by accident, like maybe seeing me through a window or something.

My wife and I agree we should tell her, but when?

name and address withheld

I really don't think you have to worry about this for quite a few years, and given the amount of experience you have managed to cram into your life thus far, who knows what you may want to tell her when she's old enough to understand such things?

Many parents tell their children about reproduction, relationships and contraception long before the child can assimilate the full meaning of the concepts. It's always a safe bet that a child raised in an open and supportive home will ask questions about such matters when he or she is ready to. A useful technique is to reply to a child's question about sexuality with, "What do you think?" or "How come you thought of that?" The child will then, with any luck, tell you why the question has arisen, and you can answer appropriately.

In your situation, I would consider waiting until your daughter asks something about homosexuality or bisexuality, like, "Are men allowed to marry men, or can they just marry women?" You might then explain that sometimes men love only women and want to be with them all the time, and that sometimes people make other life arrangements for themselves. Don't get carried away by the details. Remember that you are answering her question, not making your confession.

This isn't going to happen for six to ten years, though, and who knows where you or society will be by that time.

COUSIN QUEST

I am 17 and have a cousin who is 16. We are really close and love each other as relatives do. He lives 3000 miles away, so I only see him once a year. For the past five years I have been staying with him and his family on vacation. During my last visit I found myself attracted to him. I really want

continued on page 20

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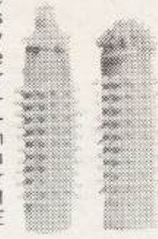

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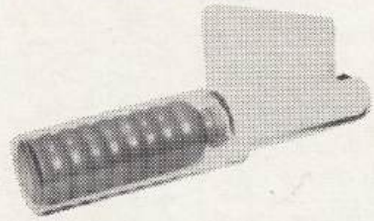

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to make it with him, but he has never had a girl friend and I think he is afraid. I've made a few suggestions, but he takes them as jokes.

One day we were in his room wrestling, and I managed to get on top of him. I really got turned on and wanted to make a move. He must have sensed it because he immediately turned me over and called our wrestling match quits.

I plan on going back there this summer and want to know what to do. Should I just go up to him when we are alone and start kissing him and hope it leads to something? Or should I let him make the moves? I think about doing it with my cousin a lot and really look forward to making it happen. **name withheld**
San Jose, CA

It seems to me that your cousin has given you generous evidence of his disinterest in becoming sexually involved with you. Whether it is because he is "afraid" (of what?), doesn't find you attractive, is more interested in boys, already has a girlfriend, doesn't want to get involved with a relative (or someone who lives 3000 miles away), or for some other reason, I certainly don't have the foggiest idea.

But your insistence is actually more interesting to me than his resistance. Why is it so important to you that you "make it" with your cousin? Can't you just be friends with him, and care for him like other relatives? Why do you focus so much of your fantasy on someone who is a poor romantic choice for a number of reasons? I would be interested to know what romantic involvements you have had and are having, and would hope that would shed some light on your current desire.

Do you really think that just going up to him and kissing him would lead to a delighted and passionate response on his part? Do you really think that waiting for him to make the first move will result in him making that move before you are both middle-aged? I doubt that either tactic would result in a rewarding relationship, and suggest you choose another, more sensible, object for your attentions.

HORNY BEAST

My roommate, Joyce, and I bought a dog a few weeks ago. Since we live in a high rise he has no contact with other dogs at all. Lately, he's been getting very horny, and making a pest of himself.

For instance, we had some girls in the other night and the dog was going around with an erection trying to rub himself on everybodys' legs. We were all a little drunk, and one of the girls remarked that we should "jerk him off, or something."

Later, when we were alone, Joyce remembered what the girl had said and wondered if it would be a good idea. Is it possible to get a dog off that way? Would it help the dog with his problem, or would it just make him worse? **E.E.**
Boston, MA

Both, probably. Laboratory research has shown that animals are easily able to learn where they are likely to find sexual pleasure, and repeatedly seek out such pleasure. So, my guess is that bringing your canine friend to orgasm would temporarily sate him, but ultimately would result in an increased frequency of requests on his part for a repeat performance.

If you have no intention of mating him, it might be to your benefit and his to have him castrated. That might not abolish his sexual desires altogether, but it is likely to diminish them.

MEMORIES OF A MAN

I am a 29-year-old male, married, and have three kids. I am really worried about something, and hope you can help me. Two months ago a friend of mine visited me from another state. I hadn't seen him for years. I went out with him for a drink, and afterwards he asked me if I'd like to go up to his hotel room and talk more comfortably.

We went to his room and talked about the old days together in school. He asked me if I'd ever had sex with a man. I was really surprised by the question and didn't know what to say. He told me that he'd

tried it and that I should, too. Well, I'm not really sure how it happened, but he talked me into it and we had sex together.

Now my problem is that I can't get him out of my mind. Every time I have sex with my wife I think of that man. It's driving me nuts. How can I get that feeling out of my mind?

G.M.
Lexington, KY

Interestingly, the more you try to force unwanted thoughts out of your mind, the more they seem to haunt you. In your situation, the first and easiest thing might be to stop trying to rid yourself of the thoughts. Instead, simply allow them to enter your mind as you make love with your wife. After all, you are not diminishing her pleasure in any way just because these thoughts are present in your mind. You might well find that after a while the thoughts will disappear by themselves, as you cease to fight them.

On the other hand, you didn't tell me how you felt about the sexual experience with your old friend. If the experience was pleasurable for you, and if it perhaps revived long-buried sexual feelings you may have had about other men, then you might find yourself continuing to fantasize about your male friend, even after not fighting the thoughts and allowing yourself to experience them over a number of weeks. In that case, it may take some discussion with a professional before you can understand the full dimensions of this problem.

Try giving yourself permission first, though, to have the thoughts. Paradoxically (the human mind is a wonder!), that may well result in the elimination of the thoughts, if they're really unwanted.

DON'T TRY SO HARD

My husband and I have been married for almost a year. We're very anxious for a baby. The problem is that despite nightly intercourse, I'm still not pregnant. My gynecologist says I can get pregnant, but saying it and having it happen are two different things. My husband is almost

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ready to give up. Please help us. Maybe there is some medication that I could take?

W.B.
Roanoke, VA

Just because your gynecologist gave you the OK is no assurance that you and your husband can conceive. Why? Because, like the tango, it takes two to make a baby. Has your husband been checked out medically? Doctors estimate that about 40 percent of the couples who cannot conceive fail because of some difficulty in the man.

It may, of course, turn out that both of you are physically fertile. In that case, one piece of advice is to have intercourse a little less often. Although every normal ejaculate contains hundreds of millions of sperm, and it only takes one sperm to fertilize an egg, too frequent intercourse might reduce the sperm count of your husband's ejaculate sufficiently to prevent conception.

There are drugs which help some couples achieve pregnancy, but whether you are an appropriate candidate would be something you'd have to discuss with your physician.

SISTERLY LOVE

I have a problem that may not sound like much but it's making me worry a lot. I'm a 22-year-old woman and my problem is my sexual feelings for my four younger brothers. Whenever I see my brothers talking to or just around a pretty girl I become incredibly jealous. It takes me about half an hour to get back to normal after the girl has left. Until then I'm hurt and silent.

My brothers, of course, have noticed this. I've overheard them tell some friends that they usually don't bring girls to the house because their sister gets so jealous.

I've been this way as long as I can remember, but it didn't worry me until recently. My brothers and I have always been very close and when we were children (and even later) we were together almost constantly. All the sexual games played in my childhood were with them.

This was particularly true with my oldest brother. We had a special game where he would lie on his stomach and I would get on top of him and give him a "massage" and usually a mild spanking (we were both clothed). He always seemed excited by this and I really enjoyed it. Recently I've been thinking that it might have had some kind of sexual meaning since we didn't stop until I was 17 and he was 16.

Since my own sexual awakening, all my fantasies have been about sexual things with my brothers. I've tried thinking about other things, but it never works. I just never get excited unless I think about one of my brothers. If I try to think about an attractive man I've seen or met, I have to think he's my brother before I can get aroused.

What should I do about this? Maybe I'm overreacting and not as weird as I think. This has me so scared that I can't even kiss or hug my brothers in a sisterly way for fear of getting carried away or too enthusiastic. I've never told anyone about this but I'm getting too worried to keep it in anymore. **name and address withheld**

Trying to trace the sources of your current feelings about your brothers could take you forever, and it is unlikely that you would be able to achieve a clear and complete understanding anyway. The thing to do is decide what you want to be doing in the future, and work towards that.

Your letter is interesting as much for what it omits as for what it includes. Where have your parents been during all these years, and what role have they played in encouraging or discouraging relations between you and your brothers? How come you are all still living at home? What sexual experiences have you had with men other than your brothers?

Without this information, it's hard for me to suggest routes you should follow for the future. Clearly, though, as long as you stay around your brothers you will continue to be plagued by thoughts and desires that make you (and them?) uncomfortable. You have got to wean yourself

continued on page 24

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from such thoughts and feelings, and substitute ones that you feel are more appropriate. My guess is that it will be necessary for you to break contact with your brothers for a while in order to do that.

The human mind is funny about sexuality. It tends to grasp those images that provide sexual pleasure during critical developmental times (childhood and adolescence), even if in adulthood we reject these images as being inappropriate. Substituting more acceptable images is a process that sometimes requires professional help, but sometimes can be achieved by a change of scenery or acquaintances. Either way, it is a difficult and time-consuming process.

Your attachment to your brothers has been forged over years of closeness. Your current jealousy might reflect your recognition that inevitably your brothers will prefer other women to you as life partners, and your unhappiness over that development. Hanging around, making both your life and theirs miserable by such jealousy, cannot possibly be the sensible course. It's better to work on making a life for yourself now, and to reestablish contact with them once you are more in control of your feelings.

PILL PROBLEMS

I started the Pill and am finally sticking to it after *four* abortions! My two problems are:

1. Since I've been taking the Pill for 7 months I've gained over 20 pounds and my boyfriend says I'm harder to get along with. Are these two results possible effects of the Pill?

2. I have a terrible smell from my vagina that won't disappear, even with douching. Can it be from the Pill or from the abortions?

Also, where can I get my tubes tied? I'm 22.

F.M.
Chicago, IL

You are not alone in reporting both mood changes and weight gain while taking birth control pills. Many doctors recommend changing either the pill or the dosage when these side effects appear. Consult the physician who originally prescribed the pills for you. Different brands and different doses do have different effects.

The question of vaginal odor is less easily solved. It is possible that damage done to the uterus, cervix, or vagina during the abortions is responsible for the odor, but it could be due to something completely different. Douching is obviously not the answer. You will have to consult a physician about this; you might have an infection or some other localized problem.

You are legally old enough to have your tubes tied. Many doctors refuse to perform the operation, however, either because they don't believe that a woman of your age ought to be permitted to make such an irreversible decision, or because they're afraid that if you regret the decision later, you may sue them for lack of medical judgment. I believe that any person has the right, after careful consideration, to decide to be sterilized, and there are many physicians who would agree. Consult with your local Planned Parenthood office for the name of a physician or clinic in your area that will cooperate with your wishes.

HAVE QUESTIONS?

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ILLUSTRATIONS: BOB SMITH

By TRACY CABOT

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The Love Cure

When Zev Wanderer, Director of the Center for Behavior Therapy (in Beverly Hills, California) became the victim of a "change of heart" on the part of his lover of four years, he realized for the first time the incredible, unrelenting pain involved. Wanderer, diplomate in clinical psychology, and a Ph D from Columbia University, says he suffered from "neurotic security" until his love life fell apart. Although he had treated hundreds of patients over the years for depression caused by loss of or rejection by a lover, it was only when it happened to him that he decided to bypass the usual "time will be the best medicine" philosophy and develop a program to treat a broken heart.

Using himself as a guinea pig, he systematically treated the symptoms and designed a love cure that would erase almost all painful memories within a three month period. Interviews with patients and friends who had also suffered from depression, feelings of inadequacy and loss of self-esteem after a divorce or break up, revealed that the average time it took a person to get on with the business of living and not be haunted by memories of their lost love was half the time of the relationship. In other words, a ten year marriage or commitment would typically take five years to get over. Wanderer has for many years contributed to the streamlined treatment of phobias (fear of flying, elevators, airplanes, etc.), cutting the usual recovery time from years to a few months. He saw no reason why a love cure should take longer. Wanderer's patients report that almost all their symptoms disappear within the three month period. His entire love cure program will be available as a book later this year.

TRACY CABOT: Why weren't you satisfied with the existing treatments for love sickness?

ZEV WANDERER: They weren't fast enough or definite enough. The new three-month crash course we developed at the Center sends brokenhearted and rejected lovers, unhappy divorcees, and even people who are newly widowed back into the world happy and functioning. We previously had the technical knowledge, and I had personally doled out all sorts of advice, but we didn't have a specific program until I needed a cure myself.

CABOT: What exactly happened to you?

WANDERER: I had a relationship with a woman for four years. Toward the end of the fourth year, she suddenly decided to reevaluate her life—unilaterally—and she quite suddenly left me and the relationship.

I can still remember the night she walked out. We had been to a movie and were spending the night at my house. She seemed distant and when I asked what was wrong, she said she couldn't tell me. That made me insist and she ran from my house. I had no idea that would be the last real communication we would have.

I had always expected that one day we would live together and maybe even marry—although I hadn't shared this last expectation with her. The shock of her sudden departure left a tremendous void in my life.

CABOT: Did you become depressed?

WANDERER: Very seriously. After weeks of incessant yearning and no communication, I was driven to the brink of killing myself. I knew there had to be another solution.

CABOT: What were the symptoms of your depression?

WANDERER: I had nightmares, loss of appetite, poor eating habits, a feeling that there was no point in getting out of bed in the morning and constant obsessions about Ann. Her name was always in my mind. I couldn't go to sleep without thinking of her. I took up smoking. I endlessly replayed things in my head. What could I have done to prevent it? What did I do wrong? I imagined her face. I dreamed about her.

If you happen to think of your lost love every time the sun sets, then sunsets become depressing, since you can't eliminate them. Things like that are attached by sheer habit to the loved one, and can evoke painful, nostalgic memories.

CABOT: If you can't wipe out the sunsets, how do you stop them from making you feel bad?

WANDERER: We tell patients in the love cure program to set up competing responses by creating new and better memories during the sunsets, or at the place you spent your honeymoon, or the restaurant where you spent your happiest anniversary. We dilute the memory that is painful by surrounding it with good experiences.

To do that, we suggest that the person go to that same place with a new friend, or even a group of friends, or several different times with different people, until the new, more pleasant memories overshadow the old painful ones. The idea is to erase the old painful associations by creating new emotional experiences that are now associated with the old places.

Instead of *avoiding* taking your new lover to nostalgic places or just going there with friends, we suggest *doing* it. The more exciting the new people are, the stronger their personality, the more successful the treatment.

CABOT: Did you do that? What was your experience?

WANDERER: Well, it sounds silly now in retrospect, but there was a "sacred" bicycle path running along the beach where I live. It was a favorite place for Ann and me to ride on our way to Sunday brunch, and every time I thought about going there without her, I got sad. In order to dilute the "sacred" bicycle path, the one that was "our place," I invited all kinds of people to

Answers to the Love Cure Quiz (inside front cover): (c), (a), (b), (c).

go there with me. Once I went with a date and her two children. Another time, with a new girlfriend.

Eventually, I went there with so many people that the memory of Ann riding with me was lost among all the others. The new emotional experience must compete favorably with the old one, and it has to be a systematic program with a list of places.

CABOT: Were you obsessed with getting your lover back?

WANDERER: I was obsessed with just her—her face, her voice and yes, obsessed with hopes of getting her back.

CABOT: Did you become a patient at your own Center?

WANDERER: Initially, I thought that my obsession was so strong that even the treatments at my own Center wouldn't help. No one, I thought, had ever had as deep a wound as mine. I knew we had behavioral treatments that were successful with specific things like stopping smoking, overeating, or overcoming phobias or sex problems, but my pain seemed special.

CABOT: Then you didn't go to your own treatment center?

WANDERER: No, and that was a mistake. I went to a Gestalt psychiatrist to understand the dynamics of the situation, to find out why my whole personality was shaken to its roots by this, why my whole life looked shot, why there seemed no point in living. I couldn't comprehend the relentlessness of the obsessions and fantasies.

When psychotherapy failed, a member of my staff and I set up a program to do away with the painful memories by breaking the link between the things that were causing the memories and the memories themselves.

CABOT: Can you actually wipe out painful memories that way?

WANDERER: You never forget all the memories. It wasn't a question of doing away with the memories, but rather of reducing the pain associated with those memories.

CABOT: What was the first step?

WANDERER: Initially, I proposed the possibility of a reconciliation. We had to deal with whether there was any hope. Until that point, I was in limbo. All Ann would say was "I can't talk now. I need more time."

It seemed best to proceed as if there were no hope. Otherwise, you think it's all over, and then for some reason—perhaps a phone call, or a kind word, you start to get hope again. That only encourages the loving and yearning. Then, when you're rejected again, you sink even deeper into despair.

CABOT: Do you think that everyone must give up hope to get well.

WANDERER: No, but I would like to point out that that type of thing is what keeps the slot machines in Las Vegas operating. You *might* get paid off, so you keep trying.

CABOT: So you decided to stop trying. Were you really able to stop hoping?

WANDERER: No. In the back of my mind, I did still think, "Well, maybe. After all, she did say a 'reevaluation.' It wasn't really a goodbye. Maybe someday it'll work out."

CABOT: Didn't that interfere with the treatment?

WANDERER: No, because the someday thing wasn't the important part of my thoughts. Most important to me was alleviating the pain I felt. That's what I wanted as my immediate goal since I knew I couldn't have her back right away. It might be months or even years, and I didn't want to spend them in pain. It was a matter of survival and getting on with the business of living.

CABOT: Many people say you just have to feel the pain and go through a period of mourning before you can fall in love again. Did you?

WANDERER: "Grieving" is very in these days, and most of the psychological associates I knew said "Really get in touch with your feelings. Stay with the pain." If I went some place that made me feel sad and nostalgic, they would say, "Stay there, go with the pain." If there were pictures of Ann that made me feel like crying, they'd say, "Look at the pictures and feel the pain."

CABOT: Did you do that?

WANDERER: Well, I tried, and all it did was make me cry more.

CABOT: Did crying help?

WANDERER: I would feel better after crying, for about an hour. Then I was back where I started from.

Most people think pain is a learning experience, that it's good for you. That you should experience it to its fullest and "time will help." So I'd ask 'How long is *time*?' And they'd say things like "a year and a half," or "two years."

When I asked how long it had been for them when they'd lost a lover, I was amazed at how many people cried when they told me about it. One man cried for his first wife, who had deserted him 40 years earlier. To me, that meant that he wasn't through with his pain in spite of the fact that he had stayed with it.

CABOT: What was the one thing that bothered you the most?

WANDERER: It's ridiculous, but green Volkswagens became my real preoccupation. Ann drove one and I was seeing them all over the place, and thinking she was in every one. I couldn't believe how many there were.

CABOT: What did you do when you saw one?

WANDERER: Well, here I was a 44-year-old psychologist, chasing green Volkswagens all over town, trying to check the license plate to see if it was hers, thinking I'd be able to wave or maybe even talk to her for a minute.

You see, my calls just got curt replies, and the meeting with the green Volkswagen sounded very hopeful. I was hooked on green VW's.

CABOT: How did you finally abandon Volkswagen hunting?

WANDERER: A psychologist who was working with me thought that the solution was to build some discrimination between Ann's green Volkswagen and every other green Volkswagen in the world. That way I would stop thinking she was in all of them.

He suggested that I spend a day riding around L.A. and taking pictures of green Volkswagens that couldn't possibly be hers—I mean she would be at work or at school or at home, and not conceivably riding around.

CABOT: What did you do with the pictures?

WANDERER: I spent another day looking at them projected over and over again on a large screen. Seeing all those green Volkswagens that weren't hers showed me that the odds were that she wasn't in any VW's I would see. After an hour of looking at scores of green VW's over and over again, I discovered that my urge to check out every green Volkswagen diminished to maybe once in three weeks.

CABOT: What was the next thing you treated after the green Volkswagens?

WANDERER: The obsessions. The thoughts and conversations that kept going through my mind day and night. The things I knew I had to tell her, or the questions I had to ask, or the points I had to make. Arguments for why she should not leave me.

CABOT: What would set off the obsessions?

WANDERER: It could be anything. Just getting up in the morning or lying in bed at night. The radio was the worst though. About 90 percent of all pop music is about lost love and getting back a lover. The words were always exactly right, like they were written for me, or for me to say to her. Elton John's "Sorry Is The Hardest Word," or "Nights Are Forever Without You," or "No One Will Love You Like I Love You." They were all messages to a lost loved one and as I heard them I'd think, "That's what I want to tell her." It even occurred to me to send them to her instead of letters. I was really obsessed with the need to communicate and to change the status quo.

CABOT: What were the things you wanted to tell her?

WANDERER: I wanted to apologize for the things I thought I might have done wrong, to make promises of how things would be different, to ask questions about what went wrong. Naturally, since she refused to talk to me, I couldn't do anything with these thoughts that kept running through my mind. It was as though my brain didn't belong to me anymore and I couldn't stop the thinking about her.

CABOT: What was the treatment for getting the thoughts out of your head?

WANDERER: Writing them down and sav-

ing them for some future date when I might be able to tell them to her. Just writing them down relieved me of the obligation of remembering all the things I wanted to say to her. I was storing them in my mind so I wouldn't forget and that's one reason I was obsessed.

CABOT: Did you ever read her or send her what you'd written?

WANDERER: No, I saved these thoughts—there were so many they almost filled an entire steno pad—and went through them under some very unique conditions.

CABOT: What were the conditions?

WANDERER: Well, I read those words while sitting with my feet in a very cold bathtub. I did this only at a certain hour, like between five and six at night.

CABOT: What was the object of that?

WANDERER: If you save the obsessions for a special time, then the rest of your day can be at least somewhat productive. Using an unnatural stimulus, like your feet in cold water, also helps break the link between the outside cue and the inner feeling.

By limiting my sad feelings to one hour in the day, I was taking control. I stopped gratifying that urge every time it appeared, and gave it gratification at *my* time and place. It's not too gratifying to sit and feel sorry for yourself while your feet are cold. Since it's not nearly as satisfying as lying in bed under a warm blanket, the urge gets less and less as it gets less satisfaction and is less fulfilling.

CABOT: What are the kinds of things you wrote on your paper?

WANDERER: Just one week after our breakup, I wrote "Dear Ann, you may never get to read this but I must write it anyway. I am bursting with pain and feel inches away from killing myself, since you ran from my house in the middle of the night." The rest is a rather embarrassing and maudlin description of how I think of her all the time and have stopped listening to all music because it reminded me of her. There are descriptions of how I'm passing my time and the futile attempts to take my mind off her with other women.

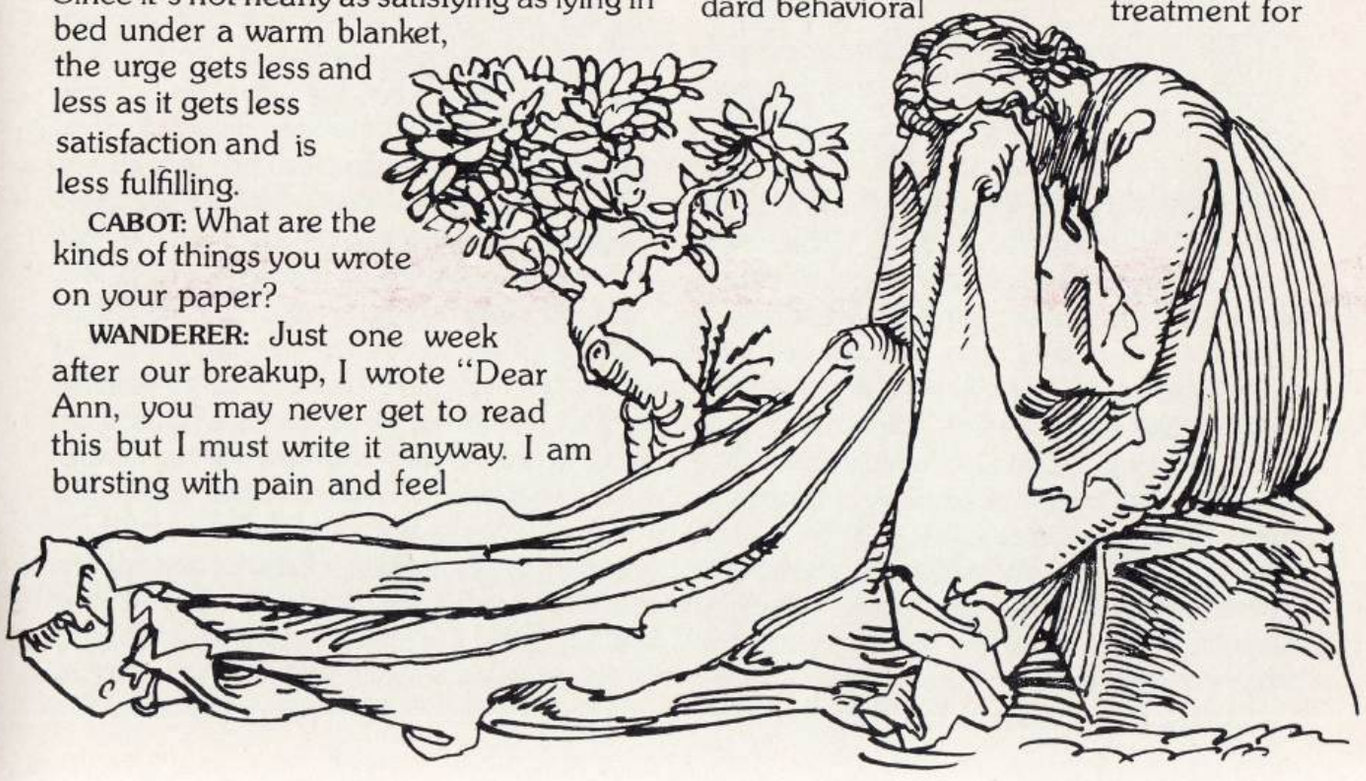
"Thoughts of you dull any happiness I might find with others . . . even in the middle of lovemaking." I remembered her when I did anything without her that we had done together. Every trivial thought seemed important to communicate.

Sometimes I was angry with her and exploded with, "You don't have a heart. When you loved me you did."

CABOT: How do you feel about this when you read it now?

WANDERER: Embarrassed, and grateful that she didn't get a real chance to take me up on my offers. Writing those things really helped. It took the pressure off of me, and the driving, all encompassing urge to contact her slackened. The thoughts that I felt compelled to communicate to her that had stayed with me all day, every day, were emptied from my mind onto the paper. Without the notebook to write things down in, my mind was too preoccupied to open my morning mail or make a phone call.

CABOT: Is jotting down thoughts a standard behavioral treatment for



people with problems?

WANDERER: Yes, we've used it at the Center for people who get furious about things, and maybe want to say things to their boss that would jeopardize their jobs.

People with insomnia are often obsessed with thoughts when they go to bed at night and can't sleep because these thoughts are keeping them awake. We tell them to keep a notebook by the bed and jot down whatever they're thinking about. That way they can go to sleep.

CABOT: What was the hardest thing you did as part of your love cure?

WANDERER: Thought stopping. That involves monitoring your thoughts, and when you catch yourself going off on a long stream of thought about the person you miss, the one you think is the essential other person in your life and without whom you can't live, you must stop yourself.

CABOT: How did you do that?

WANDERER: Believe it or not, I actually yelled, "Stop!" out loud. I practiced the thought. For instance, if I were thinking over and over again, "Oh, I wish Ann were with me. She would have liked this place. It's no fun without her, etc. . ., etc. . .," I would practice stopping myself at increasingly earlier stages of the thought. I would try to yell stop before I got to the end of the thought. It would go something like this:

"Oh I wish Ann were with me. She would have . . . STOP!" Then the next time, "Oh I wish Ann were . . . STOP!" Then, "Oh, I wish . . . STOP!" Eventually, I trained myself to stop the minute the first words started to form in my mind.

It's a form of aversion therapy. When the same sentence starts in your mind, you stop it automatically. We use a similar technique when we treat people for nailbiting or smoking. We tell them that each time they catch themselves doing it they should smell cotton dipped in rotten eggs which they carry around in a Zippo lighter. The bad habit then becomes connected with something nauseatingly aversive and soon the person stops before doing the undesirable act.

CABOT: I can understand how the aversive therapy could work for anyone, but with the competing response, isn't it sometimes hard to find a person who is exciting enough to take your mind off the person you're missing—especially when you're still hurting?

WANDERER: Yes, sometimes it is, but it doesn't have to be a person you're terribly emotionally involved with. It can be a good friend who does something at the same place that is so much more exciting that it wipes out the old nostalgia. You create "instant history" to replace the accumulated history of the relationship.

CABOT: Can you give me an example of that?

WANDERER: Yes. We were treating a man who was phobic about a certain restaurant because that was the place where his girlfriend of many years told him it was over forever. Even the thought of that restaurant or the street where it was located would make him nervous.

So we set up a series of competing responses with him. First we diluted the general neighborhood by having him go there with a succession of different dates. Then he went to other restaurants in the area, and finally, to *the* restaurant. Still, he wouldn't go to the upstairs bar, to that particular place. Slowly, we built up his confidence and increased the proximity to that area by having him go to a table that was closer and closer to the spot.

CABOT: Did you ever get him to that same table and that same spot?

WANDERER: Yes. He met a lady that he liked very much and he was able to confide in her about his therapy and explain that he would like her to go there with him and provide a competing response. The lady jumped right into the spirit of the whole thing and without telling him what she was going to do, insisted that he sit at the very table in the exact chair where his former girlfriend told him she was leaving him.

No sooner did he sit down then she unzipped his pants, dropped to her knees in front of him, pretending to look for her earring under the table, and gave him head. "She told me she wasn't going to stop until I got an erection," the patient explained at the next session with a silly

grin. "Did you?" I asked. "Yup," he admitted, and gleefully bragged that he now always thinks about the lady going down on him when he thinks about that restaurant. His anxiety and depression in relation to that place are totally gone.

CABOT: What happens if you go to the old place with the new person and still think about the lost love? Does it ever happen that the competing response doesn't work?

WANDERER: Yes, it does. And if that happens, you must repeat the treatment under better circumstances with a person who means more to you.

CABOT: What other love cure techniques have you used?

WANDERER: A major treatment we use at the Center is called implosion, or flooding. Implosion combines the behavioral technique of forcing the person to go entirely through the frightening experience with the more commonly accepted notion of grieving. The trouble with just grieving by itself, we have discovered, is that people usually stop too soon, so they stay emotionally hooked, sometimes for years.

CABOT: Exactly how did you use the implosion as part of your cure?

WANDERER: One of the first things I did when I decided to get over my pain was to take all the pictures of Ann down and put them in a special box. I also went through my house and removed all her belongings that might bring back uncomfortable memories to me. I filled a box with memorabilia—records that we used to listen to together, a book, and some clothing she'd left behind. Seeing them while trying to carry on with life only gave me one more jab of pain and kept me sensitized. While I was building my competing responses, I kept all those things in an implosion box.

CABOT: What do you do with the stuff in the box?

WANDERER: You need to put aside a day as "Implosion Day," which is when you pull out the box with all the ex's memorabilia that would normally make you feel sad. Listen to sad music and broken heart records and examine all the photographs and clothing or whatever is in your box. This is the time to allow yourself to cry. Flood yourself with the unhappy feelings. Don't answer the phone or the door, and don't schedule anything else that day.

CABOT: Should you be alone?

WANDERER: If you think you are capable of harming yourself, you might want a friend nearby—but not to console you. There's to be no release from the pain until you've gone past it. It's the equivalent of getting kicked into the deep end of the pool. You've got to go through it entirely and see that you'll survive, that you will hit bottom and that there *is* a bottom. This is the day to go through all the notes and journals and all the obsessions.

CABOT: What was your implosion day like?

WANDERER: I did it on the anniversary of our first date. I even looked at movies I had taken of Ann. It took about three hours before there was no way that I could cry. All the bad feelings were gone and I felt much stronger. After that, I could look at her pictures or listen to "our" songs and feel fine, not sad. Sometimes it takes two or three implosion days, spread about a week apart.

CABOT: How long does the love cure take?

WANDERER: Before designing the program, I interviewed hundreds of lovesick people. When I asked them how long it had taken them to get over their sad feelings about their ex's, the answer typically averaged to half the time the relationship existed. In other words, if the relationship lasted two years, it would take a year for the pain to diminish.

At the Center however, we have people completely pain free in an average of three months. Compared to a 10 year recovery from a 20 year marriage, that's pretty fast.

CABOT: Can anyone follow the program the way we have discussed it and what are their chances of success?

WANDERER: They may be able to do it themselves or they may need some professional coaching, but the steps we've outlined will definitely help. With our program, there's no reason for someone, even after a 20 year marriage, to experience significant pain after three months.

CABOT: When someone is on the program at the Center, do you recommend that there be an open line of communication with the former mate?

WANDERER: It's important not to communicate for a while when you're building your competing responses. The gratification that you get from an occasional meeting keeps you hooked. It gives you hope and keeps you from getting on with the business of living. It's like a Las Vegas slot machine feeding a few nickels at a time every once in a while to keep the players in the game.

CABOT: Should you ever contact the ex? And when should it be?

WANDERER: Eventually you should. Since being in love is an altered state of consciousness, you build delusions or false beliefs that are inaccurately favorable about the missing mate. You may fantasize that they are better looking, kinder, more loving and much more exciting than they really are. You may have delusions about how the other person really feels about you, how they're suffering because you're not with them, how they would really like to have you back.

Usually, if the other person has terminated the relationship first, they have become disillusioned with you. But you are not disillusioned with them, and that's why I would say that it is worthwhile for you to contact them and to see them—but only after you have completed your program of competing responses and have set up one or more new relationships that you can depend on.

By then you will have gained some strengths. You will have had the implosion day and become desensitized. Then it may be worthwhile to meet with your ex.

CABOT: What about the possibility of reconciliation?

WANDERER: Everyone I have ever talked to has believed that their reconciliation didn't work. But as a love-cure tool, it has worked. Reconciliation provides the victimized person (the one who has been left) with an opportunity to become disillusioned.

CABOT: What do you do to alleviate the anxiety, fear, and apprehension when someone's going to see the ex for the first time after the split?

WANDERER: We handle that by converting their depressed and sad feelings into direct anger. Neurologically, the part of the brain that lets you get angry, competes with the part of the brain that makes you feel anxious. So as long as you're angry, you won't be afraid.

CABOT: Do you consider anger a healthier reaction than pain?

WANDERER: It's not the best place to be either. There are lots of people out there still furious and destructively hating even five years after the relationship is over. They're angrily obsessed about their ex-lover and I don't think an angry person can form new relationships as easily.

CABOT: Is telephoning your ex as good as meeting with him or her?

WANDERER: No, because over the telephone you can still maintain the fantasy.

CABOT: How do you defeat the sadness of just being in your home and being reminded of the other person because they were once there all the time?

WANDERER: In some cases it might be

helpful to move. Then the old environment can't trigger the nostalgic memory in a knee jerk way. If you can't move, we recommend rearranging the furniture or redecorating. You may be reacting out of habit in your old surroundings. I actually put the small apartment building I own and live in up for sale.

CABOT: What about the traditional things to do after an affair is over, like buying a new wardrobe, getting yourself in shape with a diet, a nose job, a breast job, a new hairdo, or going to a health retreat?

WANDERER: In a peripheral way, those things may help you feel better about yourself but the ego blow of being rejected is still there. Unfortunately, nothing is as good without the ex. A new suit isn't much fun if she can't see me in it. Putting on a new outside is no real cure for the inner loss of self-confidence.

The only good thing about looking better is that you then are more attractive to others and more options are open to you to form new relationships. It gives people a chance to compliment you and that can make you feel better, but it doesn't take away the pain and the things that contribute to the depression like the feeling of loss of control, the dependency, and the loss of power. I found that the only real way to gain control over the situation was to go out there and make new gratifying things happen in my life—in my love affairs and in my work.

CABOT: What do you do when the pain, anxiety, depression and anger have mostly passed. Do you just write this person off as a part of your life or do you recommend an ongoing relationship as friends?

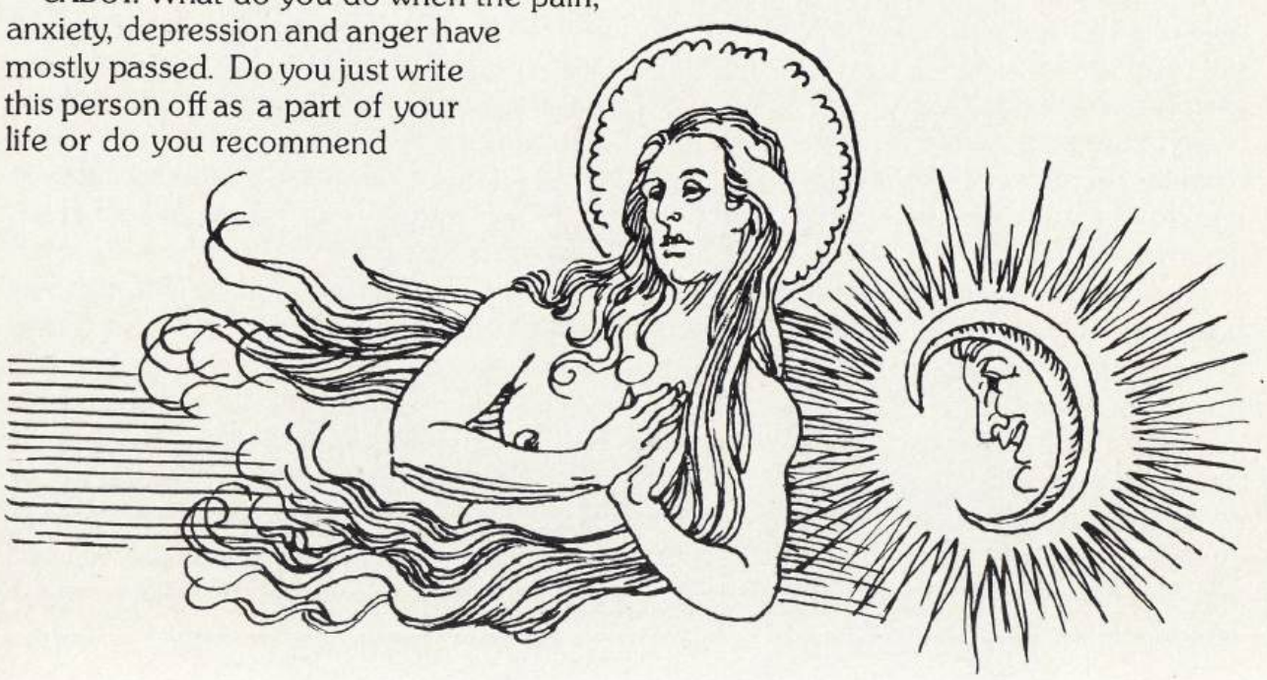
WANDERER: Following my recent breakup, I contacted my ex-wife whom I hadn't talked to for five years, except in court. I feel that even the worst and angriest breakups can be restored to friendly relationships eventually. If the relationship can be rebuilt on a non-delusional basis as friends, acquaintances, or just people who have spent a number of years together, it's healthier for everyone.

CABOT: What do you see for the future? Do you think that someday there will be professionals who are called in to administer the love cure?

WANDERER: I'd like to see that happen. As we gain more knowledge in the fields of experimental psychology and behavior technology, there will be innoculation programs available to the general public to prevent psychological disasters, just as we now prevent communicable diseases. There's no reason to have people suffer, and anything that will alleviate so common a pain as loss of love is useful and necessary.

If there were a one-week crash course for love cures, it would be great. I think the love cure program we have developed is a step in that direction. ◑

Tracy Cabot has written for **Cosmopolitan, Viva** *and* **Playgirl**. *She was formerly a staff reporter for the* **National Enquirer** *and prior to that, editor of* **Confidential Magazine.**



NUDE BEACHES

The Naked Truth

By RICHARD LOUV

In 1972 the California Supreme Court tested the water, found it pleasantly tepid, cast its robes aside and proceeded to leap in. The court proclaimed that nude sun bathing at the beach is fine as long as you don't do anything "lewd." You may not purposefully arouse the prurient interest of anyone around you, the Court said, leaving local governments to decide what was provocative.

Thousands of bathers soon got brave and started taking off their bathing suits. All along the California coast, people who weren't prone to prurience took the California Supreme Court quite literally. The wraps were off, and nude bathing caught on. The numbers of bare volleyballers on Venice beach swelled to 3000. Families from Peoria stared aghast as men and women leaped—heavens, Maude, they're naked!—into the surf. Prurient interest or no prurient interest, this was something that had to be dealt with.

So in the summer of '73, the city of Los Angeles passed an ordinance that said you couldn't be nude on the beach, period. No ifs, ands or butts.

They had little choice. Attorney J. Eckl, president of Beachfront, U.S.A., a nationwide group fighting for "clothing-optional" beaches, remembers the pressure the anti-nudists brought to bear against those who sought to bare: "They roared up to the hearings by the busload, whole church congregations, with old ladies yelling. The Mormons checked each protester off their list as they got off the bus. Owners of property along the beachfront were there in full force. Do-gooders from a hundred miles away showed up, people who never even came to the beach." This was a question on which the survival of Western Civilization apparently hinged.

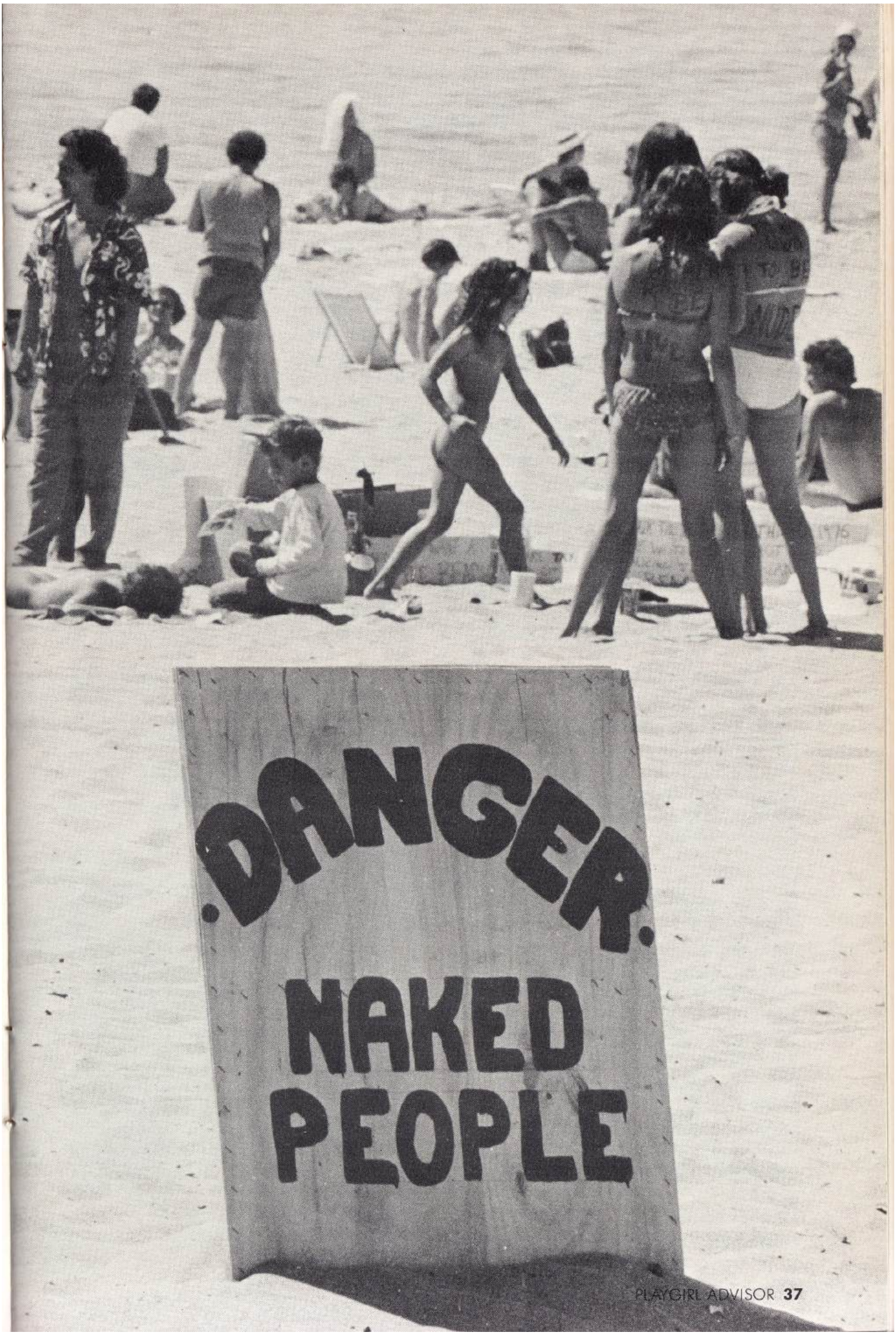
A Los Angeles County ordinance followed in 1974, and by the next summer anti-nudity ordinances had been passed up and down the coast.

Except in San Diego, that is. San Diego, located about 140 miles south of Los Angeles, is normally tranquil and conservative, since its population is largely active or retired military people. San Diego uncovered 900 feet of Black's Beach, a beautiful, secluded stretch of sand, declaring it a "clothing optional" sanctuary. San Diego merely gave legal cover to what had been going on for several years. The entrance to Black's Beach, a path down a 250-foot cliff, was so treacherous that police avoided it, and if any zealous law enforcers did brave the path, nude bathers had time to put their suits back on.

The sand grew warm on the East Coast in 1971, when a New York appellate court ruled that "lewdness cannot be presumed from the mere fact of nudity." Within a few years, nudity on Cape Cod and Long Island became visible, if not popular.

The National Park Service proposed in March, 1975 that nude bathing be banned at the Cape Cod National Seashore in Massachusetts. Disavowing any moral judgments, the Park Service said it was not a question of nudity, but of "environmental protection." On one August Sunday,

PHOTOS: LOS ANGELES TIMES


DANGER
NAKED
PEOPLE

The nude beach version of the domino theory made its appearance in the form of a legislative bill introduced by California State Senator John Stull. The senator immediately spotted danger when San Diego officials asked that Torrey Pines State Beach be considered as a swimsuit-optional area. Torrey Pines abuts Black's Beach, where nudity is already legal, and the senator is afraid that as Torrey Pines goes, so goes the entire thousand miles of California's coast. That's more than the senator cares to bare. "Contiguous nudity may be desirable to some, but not to me," he said.

the Park Service reported, 1200 nude bathers used Brush Hollow Beach in Truro, and they had parked their cars right on top of native herbaceous species—beach plum, scrub oak, bayberry and poison ivy. Nude bathing was so popular that the flora and the fauna were in danger! Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts suggested that there might be a better way than banning nude bathing to solve the parking problem, but two years of discussions have produced only friction.

During the first summer, according to Lee Baxandall, coordinator for Free the Free Beach Committee in Truro, Massachusetts, Cape Cod, 4000 nude bathers came to a demonstration protesting the ban. The numbers were so overwhelming that Park Service police gave up trying to enforce the ban and allowed themselves to be photographed with the nude bathers. Last summer a planned demonstration was foiled not by police, but by a hurricane.

"The situation on the East coast remains fluid," says Baxandall. "Cape Cod is the only national park jurisdiction in the whole country that has an explicit ban on nude bathing; every other park beach is under the jurisdiction of park supervisors. The Canaveral National Seashore in Florida is a good example of a stretch of nude beach that has been allowed to exist because of the permissive attitude of the supervisor there."

The National Park Service says there is no official intention to have an overall ban; nude bathing continues at Riis Park National Seashore, outside New York City, Fire Island, and other beaches under the jurisdiction of the Park Service.

There are dozens of nude beaches on the east coast. Some are legal because they are privately owned, and others are secluded public beaches that are used illegally by nudists. Baxandall expects a wider struggle on the east coast this summer for legal public nude beaches. "There will certainly be defiance of the law; nude bathers will be taking their chances on

Cape Cod, the largest east coast nude beach. I expect there will be arrests."

Last summer, nude beach organizations declared August 8 National Nude Beach Day, and thousands of nude bathers congregated at different beaches—there were even public events in Madison, Wisconsin—but no arrests were made, indicative, says Baxandall, of changing attitudes.

Simply because of climate—there are more days in the year to take off your clothes and not freeze—the Southern California coast has the heaviest concentration of nude beaches, and Black's Beach remains the flagship of the nude beach fleet.

Black's Beach, having survived two years of controversy, has become, as a *New York Times* reporter put it, the "nude centerfold of Southern California's tourist attractions, drawing organized 'skinny-dip tours' from as far away as New York." Tourists from Kansas City, Tulsa and Peoria pour in, some with beach chairs and protective lotions in hand, and some clutching loaded cameras. People who have never even stripped in a gym get into the act, and the sun and salt air touch some places where the sun rarely shines.

Ten to twelve thousand people may brave the ragged path down to Black's Beach on a good weekend. Eight out of ten go completely nude. A City Parks Department survey disclosed that 88 percent of the people clambering down the path were from out of town, that men outnumbered women by 38 percent and that only 14 percent brought their families.

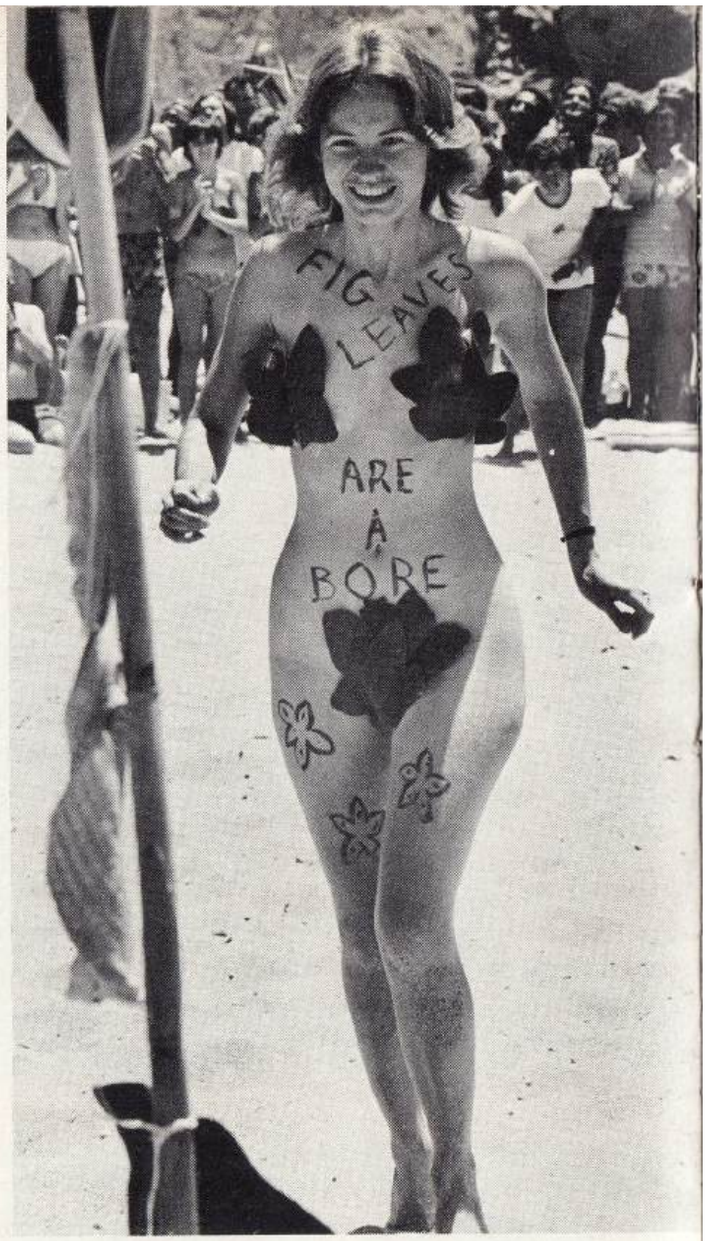
Even though a lot of the local nude bathers are disturbed by so many outsiders crowding the beach, several travel agencies across the country are organizing nudist cruises to Black's, as well as the Caribbean and the French Riviera (where nudity has been accepted, with a yawn, for years). In one month of 1976, one travel agency sent circulars to 15,000 nudists throughout America, praising Black's Beach. One hundred people, mostly couples, signed up. Travel agencies hope to send thousands there this summer. Even though tourism is San Diego's third largest

There's more than one way to skin a hot potato. The Miami Beach City Council thought that the way to deal with the question of nudity on Miami Beach was by sending the issue to the Commission on the Status of Women.

The Commission promptly voted in favor of allowing topless sunbathing on the beach, dumping the hot potato right into the exposed laps of the City Council members.

"I'm very surprised," said Councilman Philip Sahl. "What some of us thought was passing a hot potato to another group has now come back as a real fried egg right on the heads of the councilmen."

They do some amazing things with food in Miami Beach.



industry, the city's tourist literature does not mention Black's Beach.

With the growing popularity of nude bathing at Black's comes another problem—gawkers. On the crest of the cliff you can see all different lengths of telephoto lenses, binoculars and telescopes. An anti-nudist described it as "perverts watching perverts watching perverts." One hang gliding friend of mine, before he became ashamed of himself, used to pack binoculars, cameras, towel, wine and marijuana and fly from the top of the cliff down to the beach, where he would dig in for a day of unabashed sightseeing. "I would sit there looking through my binoculars at people sitting 20 feet away from me. They didn't seem to mind."

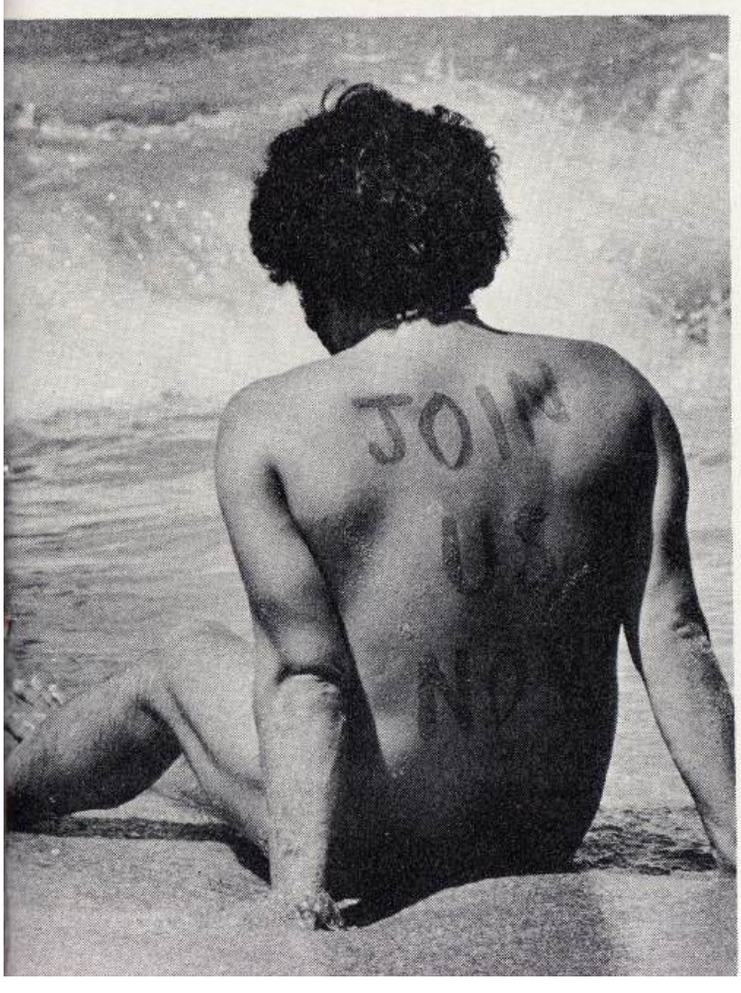
They're minding more and more though. While the nude crowds are said, by city employees, to be gentler and more tolerant than most clothed congregations, some tension may develop between the watchers and the watched. At times, there's not much that can be done. One friend of mine reports an experience with her ex-boyfriend: "The beach was chilly and fairly deserted that day, so we got under some covers and started, you know, messing around. We'd been going at it for a while and then we looked up and saw the Goodyear blimp hovering over us. We found out later that ABC television cameras were in the blimp's gondola, filming the Andy Williams Golf Tournament at Torrey Pines Golf Course. Maybe we were on ABC's Wide World of Sports! Anyway, when we left, the blimp left."

When I visited Black's Beach I noticed, after the first few minutes, that the novelty of nudity wore off . . . well, not all the way, perhaps, but more than I expected. The children I saw seemed to be the first people to stop thinking about nakedness.

They had other, more important things to worry about, like sand castles and sharks with big jaws. The adults seemed to practice what nudist colonies have traditionally suggested—lots of eye contact. There were a few oddities; one man insisted on playing Frisbie while wearing a jockstrap. After a few minutes the whole scene seemed very normal, neither more nor less appealing to my prurient interest than a regular beach, and it did feel good.

State Parks and Recreation officials are now studying proposals that would open to nude bathers about a mile of state beach beyond the northern boundary of Black's.

The popularity of Black's Beach has caused other individuals and municipalities to reconsider their previous notions. Eckl reports that one farmer decided one small nude beach, legal only because it is on private land, was OK by him after he found out how much money he could make selling tickets for parking spaces on his own, adjacent field. After a hotel employee strike and the devastating winter of '77, (when it actually snowed in Miami) did serious damage to Florida tourism, the Miami city fathers suddenly considered allowing topless bathing on a stretch of public beach. Said one city official, "We've been wanting to upgrade the city's image, and attract more youthful tourists for a long time. This is an excellent way to do it." Unfortunately, the proposal failed.



The legal groundwork being laid is based on the constitutional questions of the right to privacy, freedom of expression and equal protection under the law.

"We take the basic libertarian position," says Eckl, "that you should be able to do whatever you want as long as you're not harming anyone."

Eckl points to one glaring example of unequal protection: the law defines public nudity as an "intentional failure to cover with a fully opaque covering that person's own genitals, pubic areas, rectal area and the female breast below a point immediately above the areola." (*The New Republic* magazine reports, "If you are under 10 years of age and not covered, you're not covered. Any questions?") Eckl says that women are discriminated against because men don't have to cover their breasts, and that, he says, is unequal protection under the law.

It is interesting that a country which prides itself on equal protection under the law, and freedom of expression, is so far behind much of Europe and some areas of the Caribbean; there is no discrimination against women baring their breasts at St. Tropez, a beach on the French coast, and on beaches up and down the French coast named, appropriately, for Pacific Islands—beaches at Tahiti and Bora Bora. The popularization of monokinis in France has helped the tourist trade, even though only 17 percent of the French people approve. Women wearing only brief bathing suit bottoms can now be seen around hotel swimming pools in Paris.

Eckl estimates there are 30 nude beaches, most of them in defiance of the law, all along the Pacific coast, and 50 nude beaches in the entire country. Some of the beaches are legal, since they exist

on private property. "I represented half a dozen people arrested at Topanga Beach, which is part of Malibu (California). All the cases have been dismissed, because the court decided the laws don't apply to private property. The owners of beach property have, for the most part, been tolerant. They could have had the nudists arrested for trespassing, but they didn't. Basically, they view the nude bathers as more responsible than the usual crowd. They don't mind nudity as much as they mind broken fences, people urinating in their yards, that kind of thing."

While the push for public nude beaches continues, some legislators would prefer that nudity remain on private property. Ex-Governor Ronald Reagan says, "I know that there are sincere people who believe it's a healthy, natural thing, and I think they should be allowed to practice nudity in a private place. But public beaches are for everyone. No one is offended by people wearing clothes. Everyone should feel they can go to a public beach without being offended."

Beachfront U.S.A. is focusing its future strategy on presenting to local governments well-prepared studies suggesting appropriate clothing-optional beaches. The studies will evaluate the beaches, including photographs of the sites, evaluation of observation from highways, parking, neighbors and other variables that local government would consider.

Says Eckl, "When Los Angeles County passed its anti-nudity ordinance in 1974, three out of five members of the Board of Supervisors said that if a suitable beach were found in the future, they would accept it as a clothing-optional site. Since then, we've proposed several isolated beaches, but all of them were turned down." Eckl says the best approach, outside of the courts, is thorough, well-thought-out presentations to local governments. "Sooner or later, they're going to learn that the only solution to illegal nudity is legal nudity in defined, well-serviced beaches."

One person's celebration of the body is another person's sin. The Reverend Billy Graham says, "When Adam and Eve were created, they were in a state of innocence. When they rebelled against God, instinct told them to clothe themselves. Down through the ages, whether the culture be Hindu, Muslim, Judaic or Christian, there are strictures against indecent exposure. And part of them come from the original creation of man."

J. Eckl, however, thinks nude bathing is both proper and unstoppable. "People don't get uptight about being naked anymore. If you look at the bathing suits over the last 50 years, it's obvious that they've been getting smaller and smaller. Topless bathing is popular all over Europe. The East and West coasts are beginning to take nude bathing for granted. Some of my friends are backpacking nude now."

Even though the Midwest hasn't experienced a major push for legal, public nude bathing, it may not be far off. "One of Beachfront U.S.A.'s directors, who has a doctorate in psychology, just moved to Minnesota," says Eckl, laughing, "and they've got a thousand lakes in Minnesota. . . ." ◑

Richard Louv is a San Diego-based freelance writer. He served as director of Option, an organization that provides poverty areas with medical professionals, and is the co-author of* The Far End of America, *a book about Ocean Beach, California.

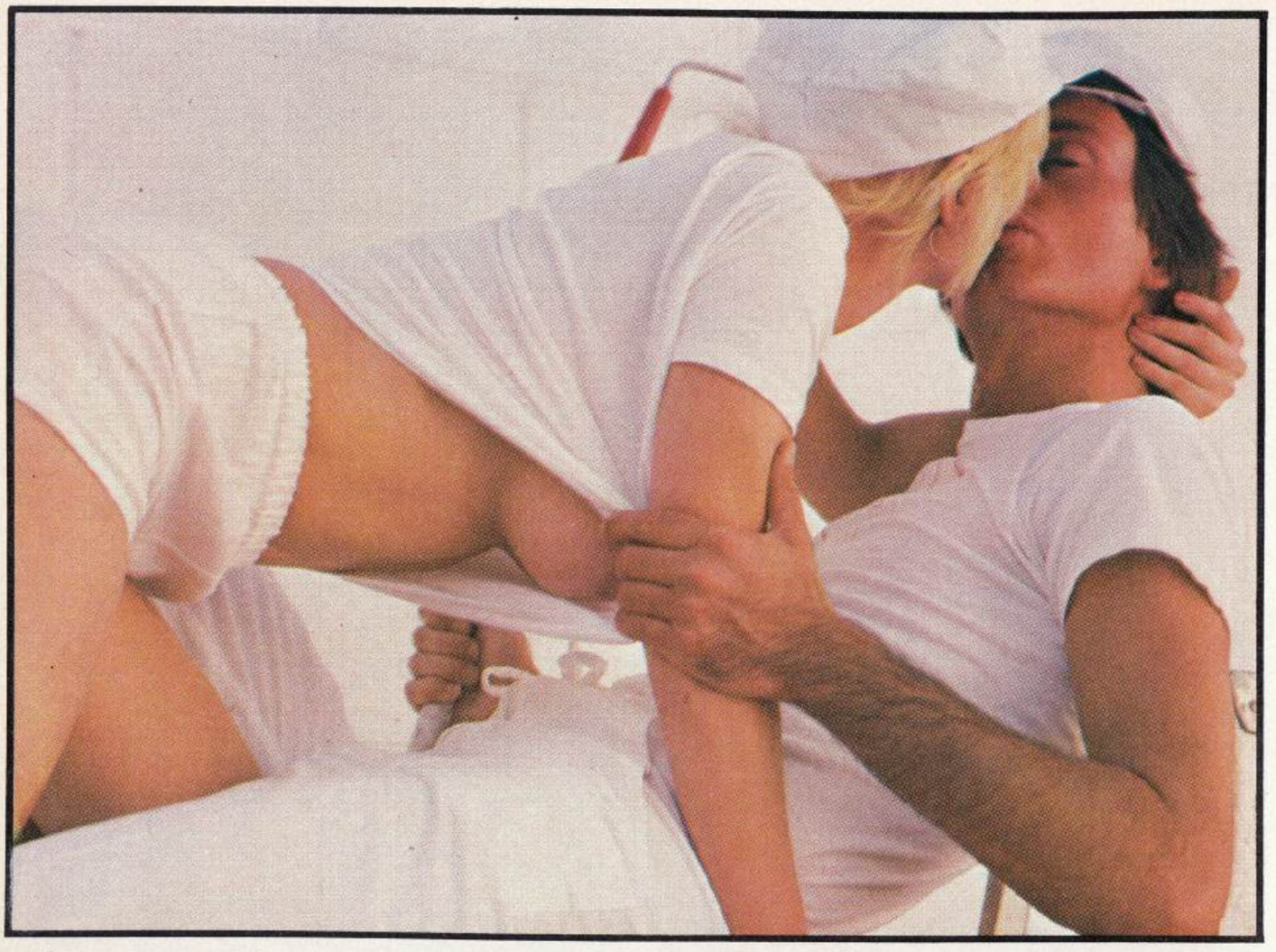
For those who wish the bare facts, the following organizations will supply information on nude beaches:

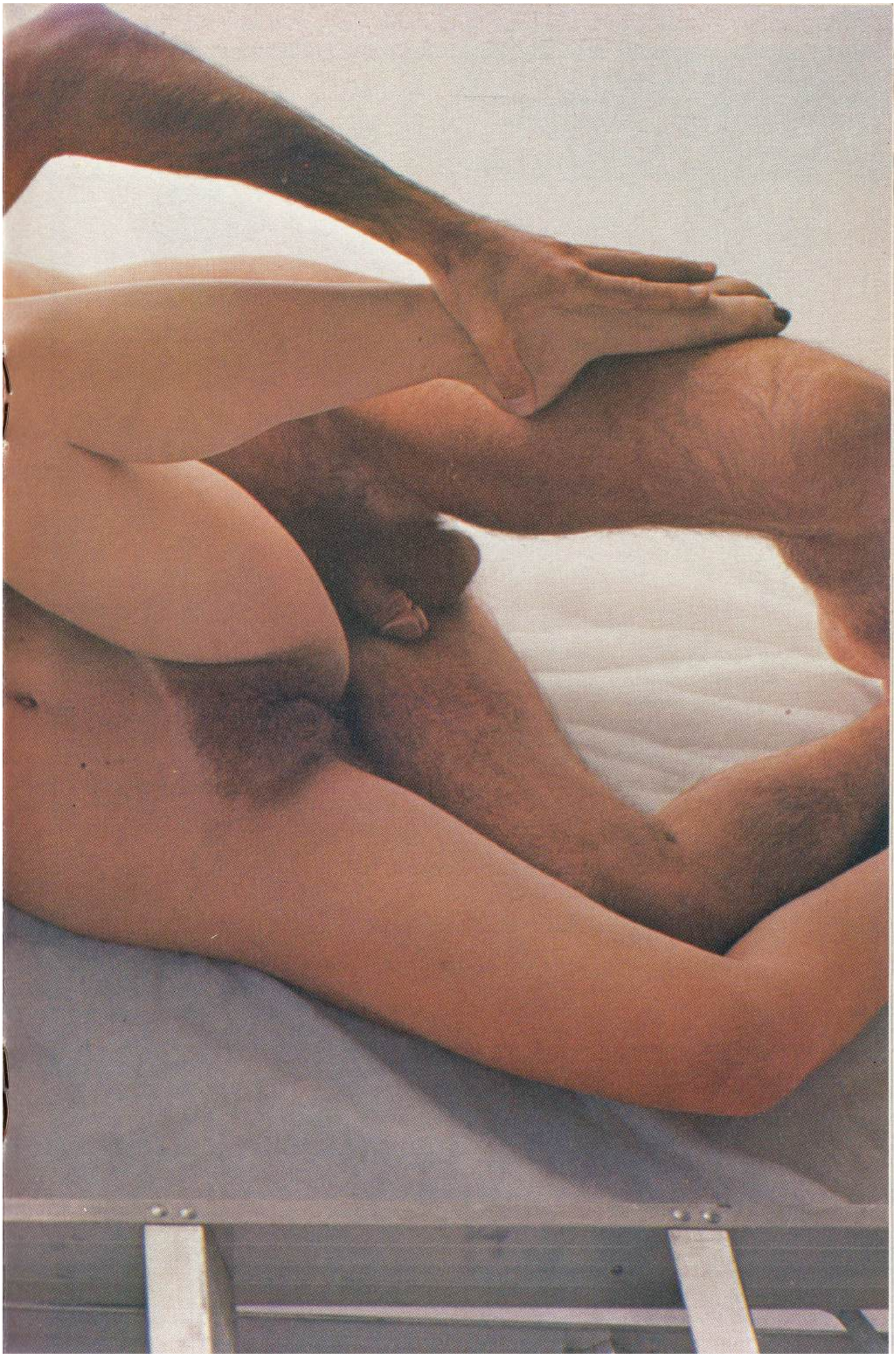
Free Beaches, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54901. $3 brings you a packet of information on the current status of nude beaches around the country.

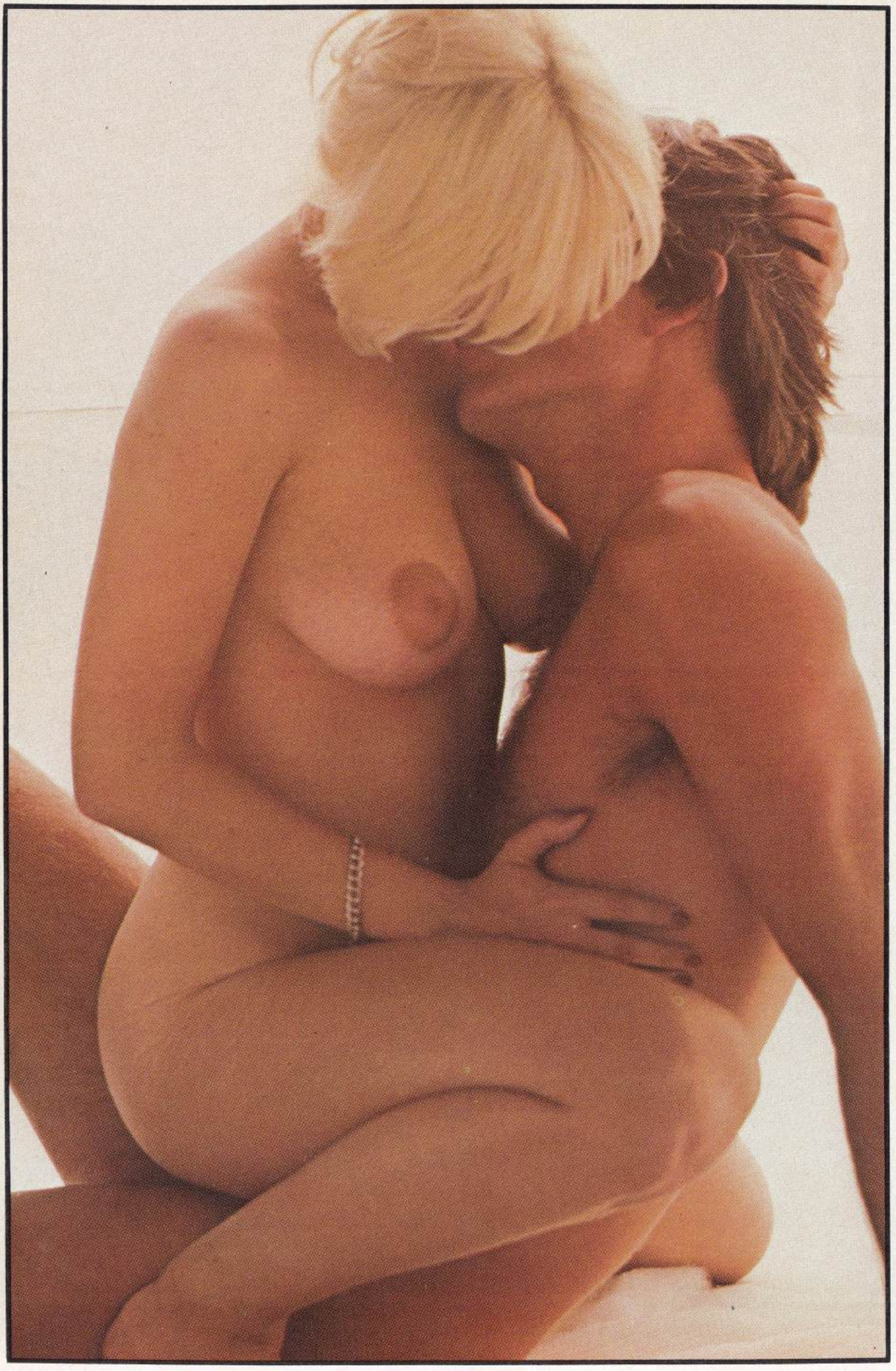
Free the Free Beach, P.O. Box 300, Truro, MA 02666.

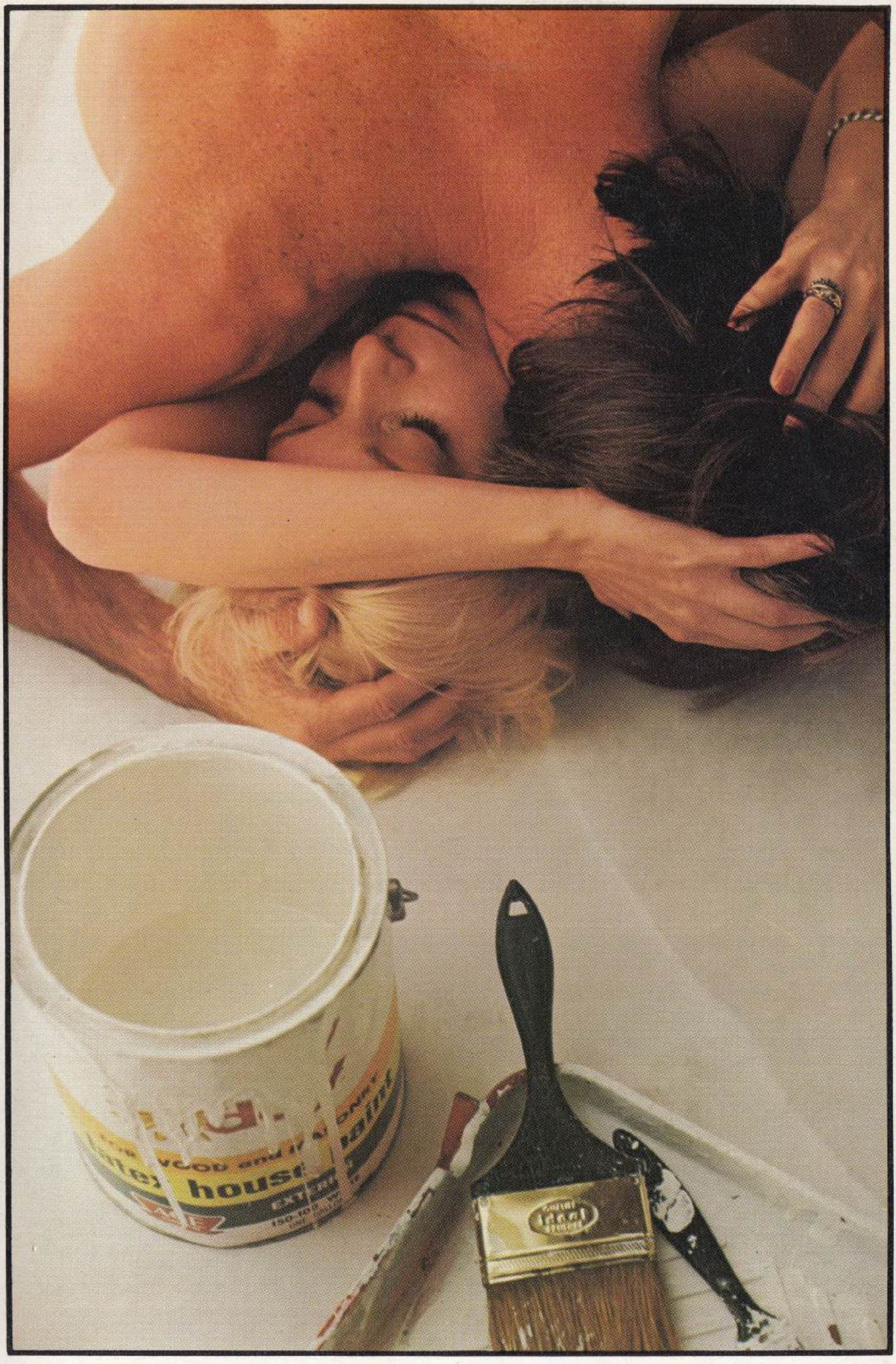
Beachfront USA, P.O. Box 90191, Los Angeles, CA 90009.

Sam & Bree
PHOTOGRAPHY: JOHNNY COCA









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continued on page 54

PHOTOGRAPHY: RON MESAROS

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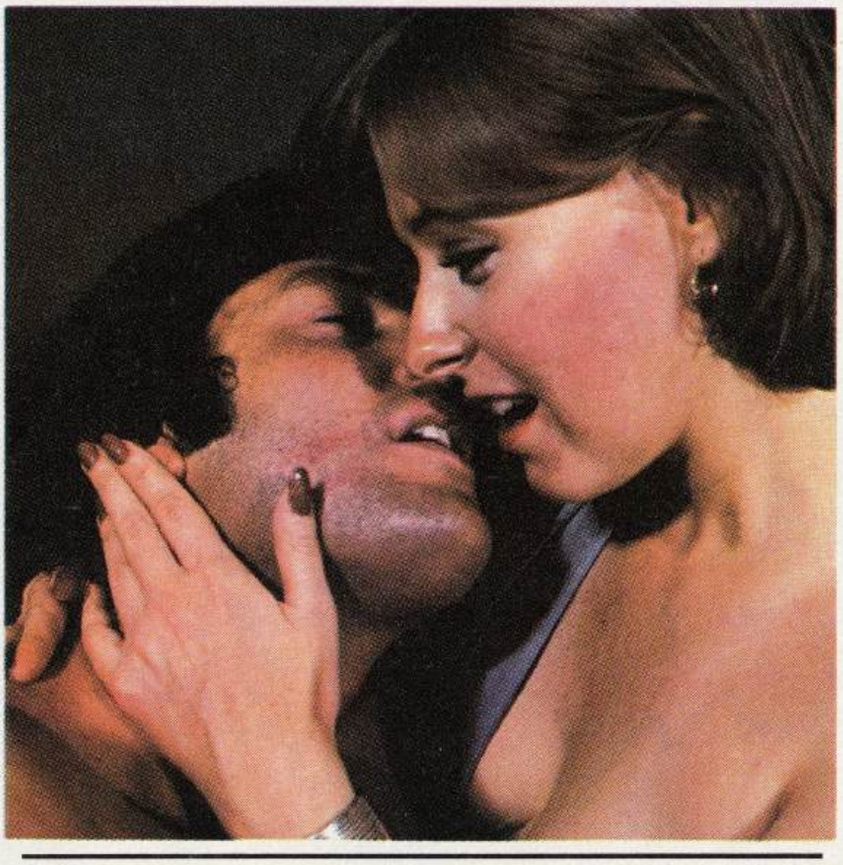

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Peacocks

By
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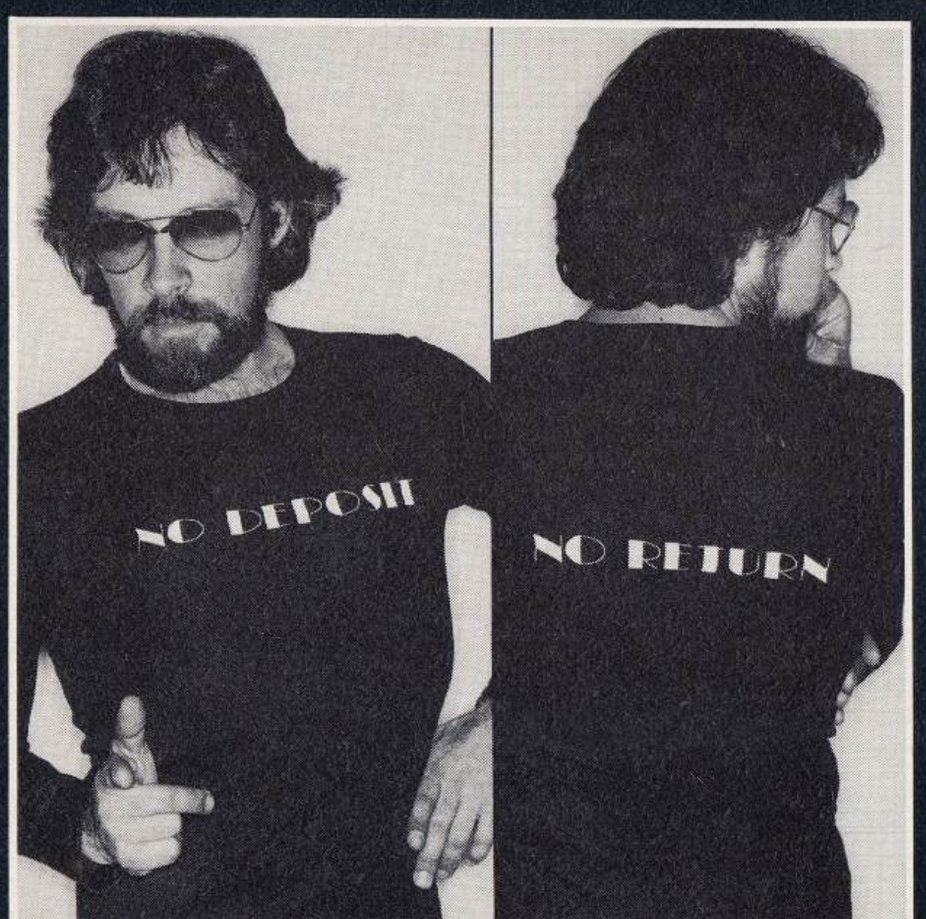
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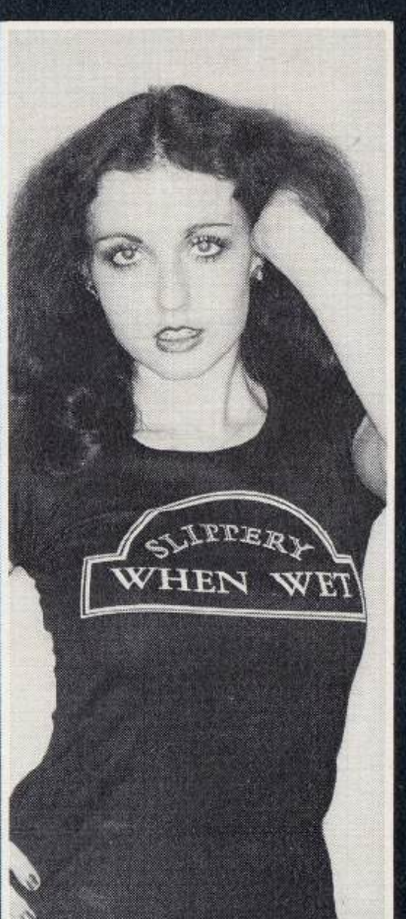
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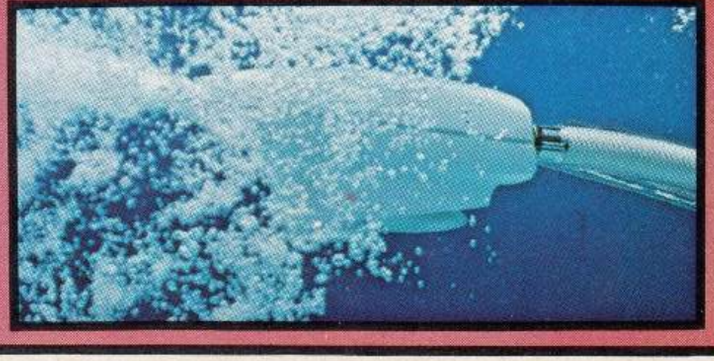

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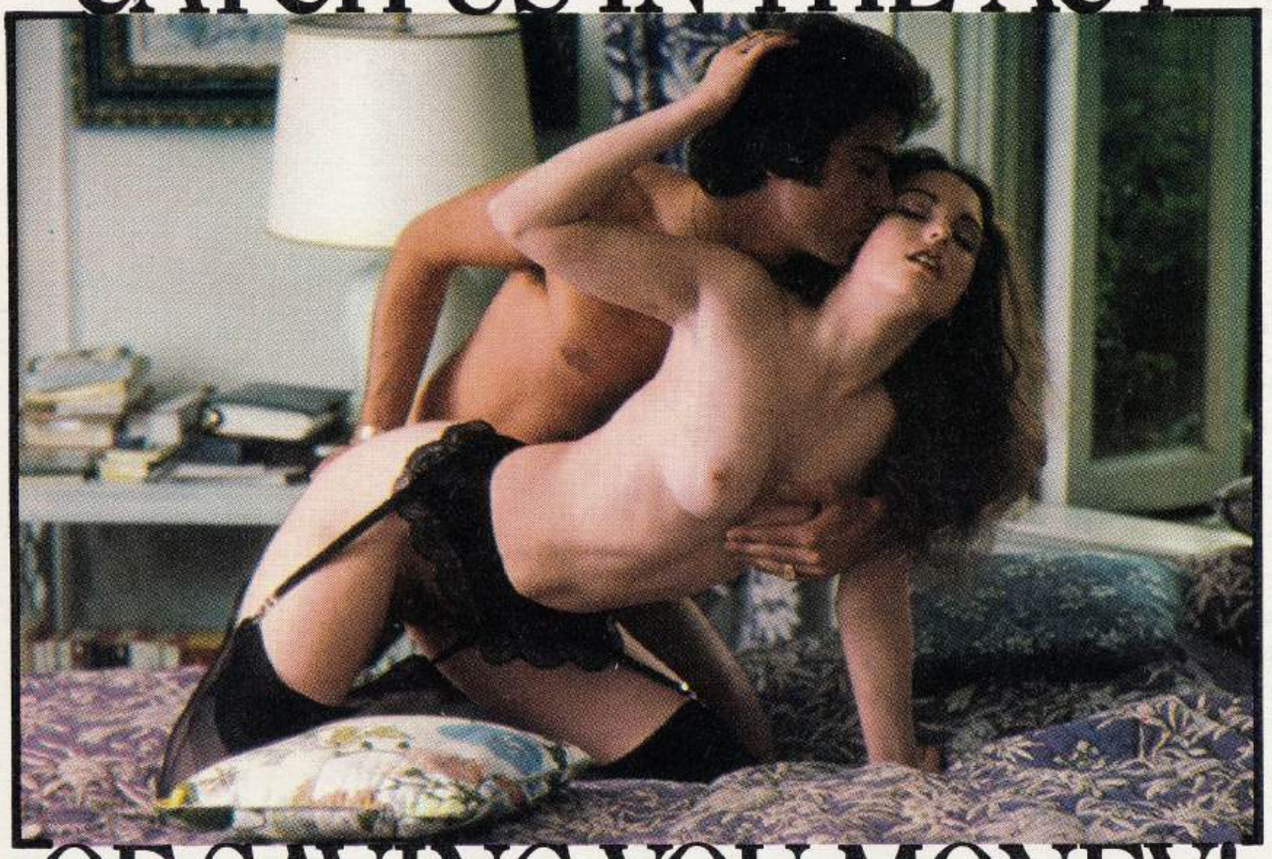

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Female-to-male transsexuals

ILLUSTRATIONS: MARK E. VAN EPPS

THE MAN INSIDE

By CANARY CONN

A transsexual is psychologically one sex and biologically the other. Like the thin person purportedly trapped inside every fatty, the transsexual feels unjustly imprisoned in a body with the wrong sexual characteristics.

Change *is*, however, possible. The determined and financially able can resort to hormones and surgery to correct what they regard as a tragic mistake on the part of a capricious Mother Nature. I know, since

I myself am a woman who was once miserably burdened with the body of a man. My male-to-female surgery, performed seven years ago, finally brought my physical being into agreement with my mind and emotions (See Advisor, May 1977).

For females who wish to become physically, as well as psychologically male, just as with male-to-female transsexuals such as myself, the realization that something is very wrong often comes early. Allen (formerly Alice), a 31-year-old transsexual who recently began the hormone injections that precede surgical reconstruction, told me, "I first felt I was a little boy . . . I spent most of my life daydreaming about God coming down from heaven and going 'poof' and changing me . . . It was on my mind all the time. Society doesn't let it be off your mind, especially when you're a child and you don't know about sex or who is what."

The transsexual child's discomfort increases with the onset of puberty. Another transsexual I interviewed recalled the genuine horror he felt as a girl when his adolescent body began to look distinctly female: "I hated my body. I hated my breasts. I hated my hips. I always wanted to have long sideburns. My heroes were Roy Rogers and Robin Hood. After high school I wore a crew cut and Levi's."

Even when convinced that her body should be physically male, the decision to make the surgical switch is never easy. Many prefer continuing to cross-dress, disguising themselves with masculine hair styles, clothes, and mannerisms without having their breasts and genitals more or less irreversibly altered. (Transsexuals are not to be confused with transvestites, people who suffer no gender confusion but simply get a charge out of dressing and acting like the other sex.) Others decide that the risk and discomfort of surgery are a small price to pay for emotional peace. Allen pondered for three years before deciding that he could not go on the way he was: "I can't say I ever really seriously tried to kill myself, but I very seriously wanted to die, just to make the pain go away." The son of a physician and a nurse, Allen has had eight years of college but is unemployed at present. He hopes to get a job in a carpet store after his operations are complete. Like the other transsexuals I interviewed, he also hopes that the surgery will enable him to lead a more productive life. "I don't think I can really make the decision of what I want to do with my life until I can live as a man, because so much of my energy has gone into questioning why I'm not the same inside as out, and into fantasy."

Once a transsexual has made the decision to become physically male, he must locate one of the few doctors in the United States who perform sex-change operations. The Stanford University Medical School Gender Identity Program is one such mecca for transsexuals committed to change, and Joe (once Ann) hopes to join its long line of candidates for surgery. Like all reputable professionals involved in sex-change procedures, the Stanford physicians subject applicants to extensive psychological testing to determine their emotional stability and their expectations about the operation's effects. Anyone who thinks that the addition or subtraction of anatomical assets will put his life in perfect balance is considered a poor bet for post-surgical adjustment.

Joe had to undergo a psychiatric evaluation before his endocrinologist, who specializes in treating transsexuals, would adminster the injections of testosterone (male sex hormone) that always precede actual surgery. Joe passed the examination easily, probably because of his pragmatic view of his future transformation: "People make the mistake of thinking that changing your sex to match your gender will change everything. But if you're a rotten woman, then you're going to be a rotten man. You're going to be the same person. It's just that all these little things that add up to a big uncomfortable feeling will be gone."

Once accepted for treatment, the female-to-male transsexual begins a course of periodic testosterone injections that continue for the rest of his life. The

Jude Patton as a little girl . . .

and a transformed man.

first result is an immediate increase in libido and the clitoris, enlarged by the testosterone, becomes increasingly sensitive.

Within a few weeks, the testosterone stimulates the growth of body hair in a satisfyingly male pattern, producing a hairy chest and beard and promoting hair growth in the armpits and on the limbs. Concurrently, the breasts shrink a bit, muscles increase in mass and strength, and the distribution of body fat shifts. Like the genetic male, the female-to-male transsexual on testosterone will develop a beer belly rather than a big bottom if he overeats.

In addition, ovulation and menstruation, the latter a particularly painful embarrassment to a would-be man, stop. (One pre-operative man I interviewed skipped his injections for a few weeks and woke up one morning aghast at the onset of a menstrual period.) As the larynx expands, the newly-emerging male undergoes a change of voice similar to that experienced by adolescent boys as the hormone causes the larynx to expand. Jude , a burly, black-bearded 37-year-old transsexual, remembers that in only two weeks his voice plummeted from soprano to tenor: "I had something that felt like a sore throat, like hoarseness. It kept getting lower and lower and felt sore for about a month. My voice suddenly began to break like a teenage boy's often does. As a matter of fact it still does sometimes when I get excited. It's kind of embarrassing."

After the patient has received hormone injections for a period of time determined by his doctor, he may proceed to the first operation, a mastectomy. If his breasts are small, the operation is relatively simple. An incision is made around the areola, the fatty interior tissue is removed, and the incision is closed, leaving a faint scar. If his breasts are large, the nipples must be reduced in size and repositioned higher on the chest and a considerable amount of tissue must be removed. In such cases the scars may be extensive. Jude,who had had rather large breasts, felt that a few scars were insignificant compared to the joy of finally have a flat chest. He smiled as he remembered his post-mastectomy ecstasy. He looked down at himself and saw that "the bulges that had once plagued me weren't there any longer. Even with all the bandages I could see it was flat."

Jude next opted for a hysterectomy, an operation that some female-to-male transsexuals skip since the testosterone alone stops their periods, However, the hysterectomy has considerable psychological impact. Joe, for one, is looking forward to his. In fact, he told me "I can't wait to get rid of all this stuff," a comment that conveys his distaste for the undeniably female organs hidden within.

The female-to-male transsexual's final operation is the construction of a phallus. This appendage cannot be accurately termed a penis since it does not function as one.) Skin is taken from the patient's abdomen or back, formed, into a penis-like tube, and grafted onto the appropriate position. The vaginal labia are stitched together into a reasonalbe facsimile of a scrotum, and two round plastic inserts are implanted to lend the appearance and heft of testicles.

Now the female-to-male transsexual looks convincingly male and possesses all the appropriate masculine parts. The parts don't, however, work as original equipment would; the surgically-created phallus is not as functional as the artificial vagina of the male-to-female transsexual. The urethra can be rerouted through the phallus so that the female-to-male transsexual can urinate like a man. However, usually, the urethra is at the base of the penis and the transformed man is biologically compelled to urinate in the female position. The new phallus lacks the spongy tissue that fills with blood to cause erections in the normal male. Frequently the phallus is constructed with a canal running through it so that a rod can be inserted, making it stiff enough for intercourse.

If the female-to-male's clitoris is left intact or incorporated into the base of the phallic graft, he may be able to enjoy orgasms, since the clitoris will respond to friction as it always did. (Some male-to-female transexuals are also orgasmic, presumably because their artifical vaginas are made from penile tissue capable of registering sexual stimulation.)

Jude, like the vast majority of post-operative female-to-male transsexuals, is glad that he underwent his $6,500 worth of operations. He says he has better interpersonal relationships and a generally happier life now that he is rid of the continual tension and contradiction that marked his preoperative existence. He works as a mailman and participates in a transsexual self-help organization. He lives with his mother and girlfriend, and they have cast him in the traditionally masculine role of breadwinner and household repairman. His mother, Jude says, is his stoutest defender. "If a relative slips and says 'she' or 'Sally' my mom says 'He's my son and his name is Jude ' "

Jude's genital limitations are of little concern to him. "For 32 years I didn't have a penis and I still managed to satisfy a lot of women. Now that I do have one I'm not one of those guys who thinks that's all there is to sex . . . I know it's not perfect but then again I really don't know what perfection is because I never had it."

Joe, thinking of his proposed operations, takes an equally philosophical view of his future phallic capabilities. He looked at me calmly when I asked if he would be disturbed by his inability to ejaculate. "Everybody wants to be complete and normal," he said, "but when you become realistic about it, you realize that everybody walking around on the street has problems and deficiencies. If you want to be happy, you make the most of whatever the positive points are and the least of whatever the negative points are . . . as long as you love each other and are concerned and please each other—well, you can't have everything."

In general, if a preoperative female-to-male transsexual is relatively stable and non-neurotic, the surgical transformation into a physical male causes few regrets. About 200 female-to-male operations have been done in this country, and a psychologist who deals extensively with transsexuals reports that none of the subjects she knows of have requested reverse operations. The female-to-male subjects,

she says, usually adapt to their new bodies better than the male-to-female subjects, apparently because their initial expectations about the effects of the surgery are more realistic. Female-to-males know that they will have merely cosmetic phalluses and they seem to accept this limitation, whereas the male-to-female transsexuals expect a fully functional vagina and are dismayed at its imperfections. Furthermore, the testosterne administered to female-to-male transsexuals is more effective in altering secondary sexual characteristics than is the estrogen given to male-to-female transsexuals. Female-to-male transsexuals often look convincingly male; they may be short (they average 5-4 in height) but they are muscular and hairy in all the right places. Male-to-female transsexuals are pretty much stuck with a masculine bone structure and height that neither estrogen nor surgery can correct.

Dr. Gerald Leve, a Los Angeles endocrinologist who specializes in the pre- and post-operative treatment of transsexuals, agrees that female-to-male subjects may benefit greatly from sex-change procedures: "The female-to-male will assume an enormous amount of responsibility, in an almost quasi-Victorian fashion, due to his sometimes distorted version of roles or definition of the true male. Often the male-to-female transsexual needs to create a family because of his biological inability to do so. Some of my patients' wives have had artificial insemination so that they may have children."

It does seem possible for the female-to-male transsexual to live a socially and psychologically normal life as the person he feels himself to be: a man. Mind is at least equal in importance to matter, and if a person's psychological gender cannot be altered, then changing the body to suit the mind will often be the best course of action. As one transsexual explained, the situation is really quite simple: "The way we appear to others is the problem. The most important thing is that you appear to be the same as you are inside." ◑

Author Canary Conn with Jude.

Sexual Communication

ASK FOR IT!

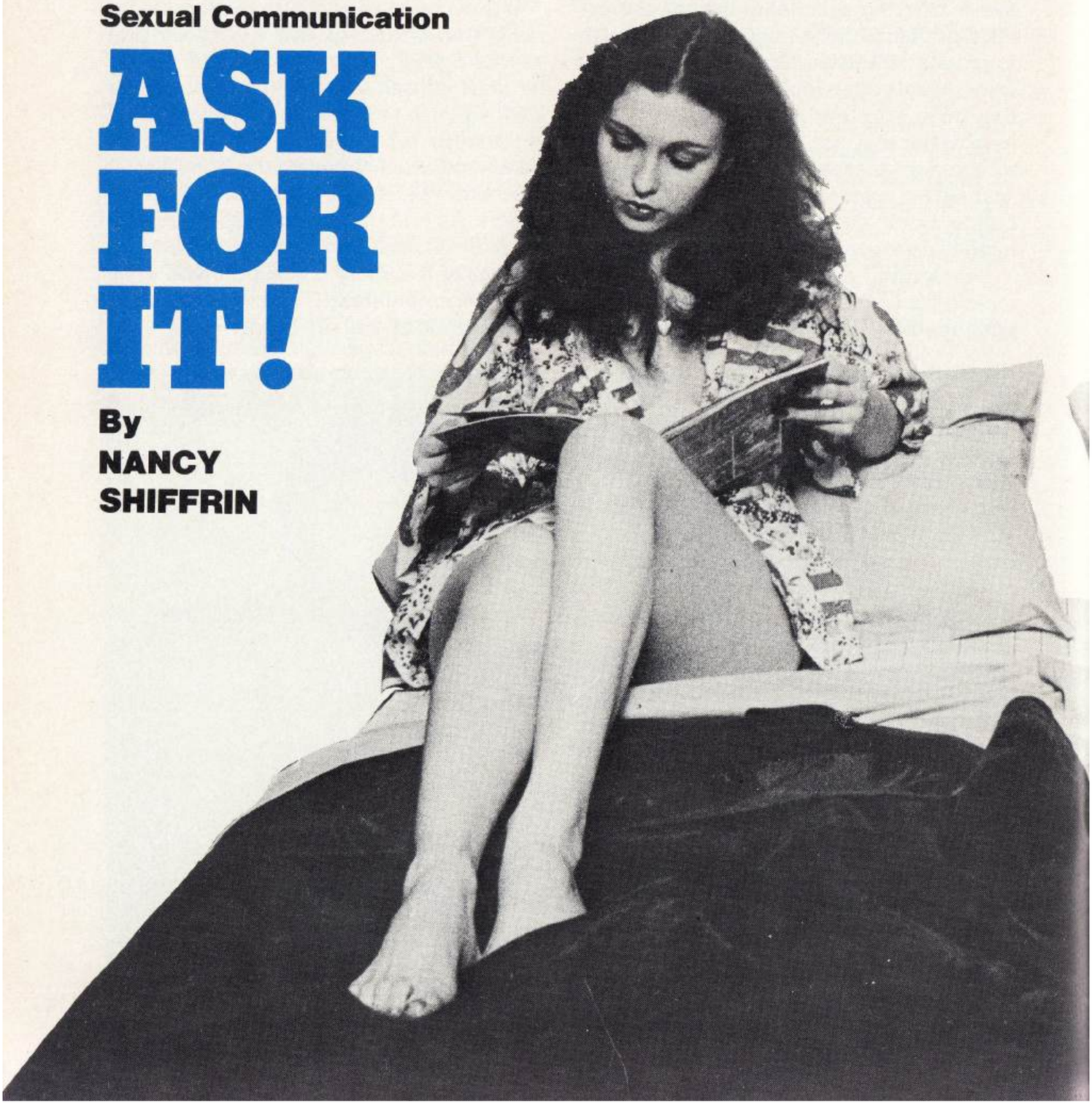
By NANCY SHIFFRIN

Most people ask the closest clerk if they can't find what they want in a store. For some peculiar reason, when these same people don't get what they want in bed they just lie there quietly, hoping for the lick, tickle, touch or suck that would ignite them. The bedroom is the scene where the crime of silence is most often committed.

Most couples continue to ply the routes they explored in the early stages of their relationship. They rely on indirect communication, hoping that their partner will somehow know what it is they want, and just do it, unasked.

Janet, for example, had moaned and groaned with delight every time Tom got near her genitals with his mouth. For the entire two years of their marriage she had been desperately hoping for oral sex, and for two years Tom had given her a few quick licks before going on to intercourse.

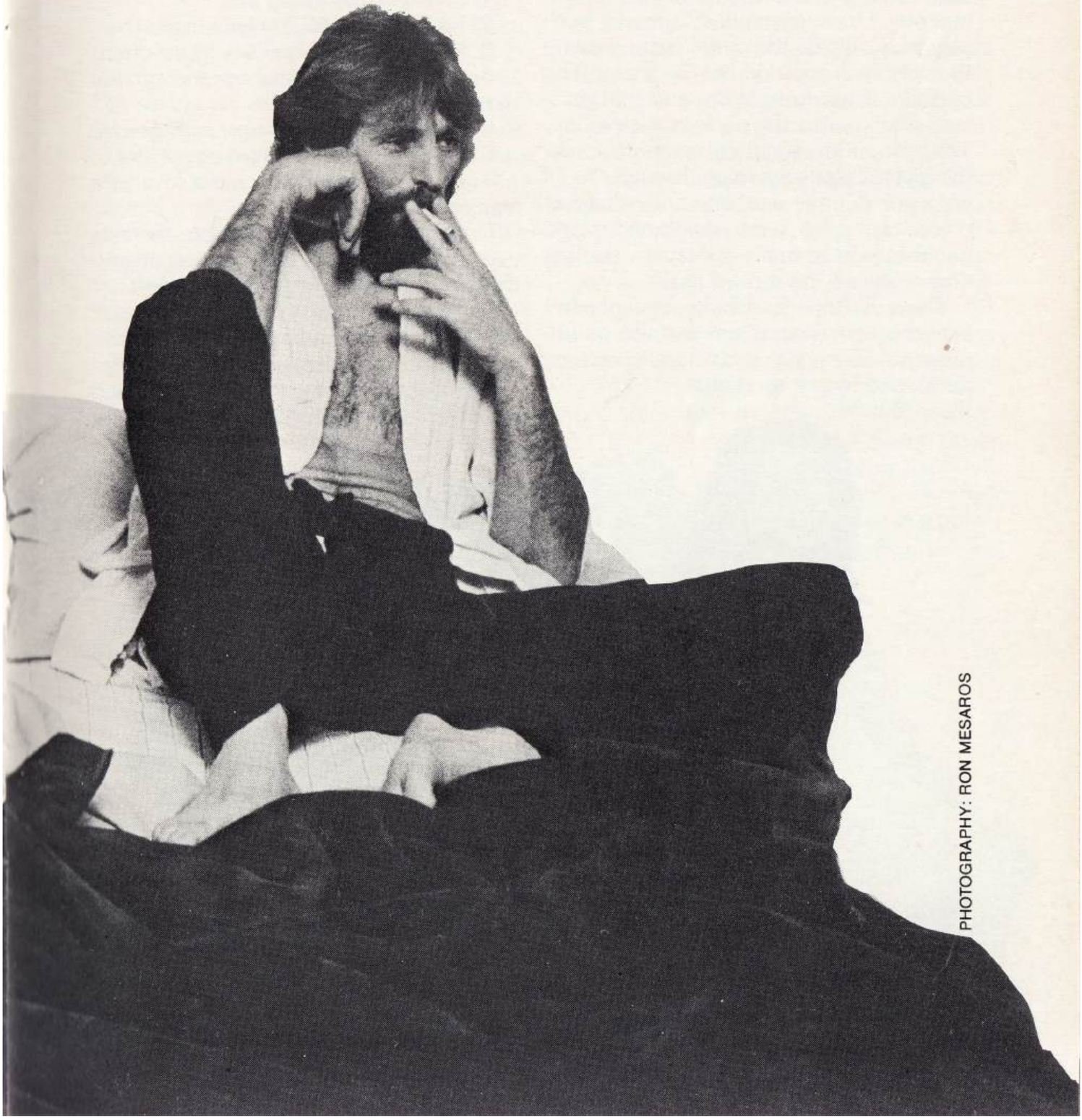
One night, in the midst of foreplay, Janet finally sat up and asked for what she wanted. Tom, surprised at first, told her that he'd be glad to give her anything she



wanted; he just didn't know she liked oral sex, since she'd never said anything, and he always assumed that her moans and groans meant she was turned on and anxious for intercourse! For Janet, indirect communication became the road to frustration.

Some bolder people hint at what they want. A man might show his partner a picture of a woman sucking a man to orgasm; a woman might wear sexy underwear or a special scent hoping to lure her lover to bed at an unaccustomed time or place. There's nothing wrong with these enticements, except that they don't always produce the desired results. They're a poor alternative to simply asking for what you want.

There are many reasons why people can't or won't ask for whatever it is that turns them on. Sex is a delightfully complicated and sensitive means of communication, and its importance makes people wary of failure. Some people feel that they are placing themselves on the line by asking for a particular form of sexual



PHOTOGRAPHY: RON MESAROS

gratification, and they're devastated if the request is denied. The fear is even greater when a person wants something that he or she has been raised to think of as deviant, "dirty," or "perverted." While the sexual revolution has taken place, it has not erased for many people the restrictions and taboos of their childhood.

Even after you've gotten up the nerve to make a direct sexual request, it is often embarrassing and awkward at first. If a person who has been with a particular lover for a while suddenly blurts out a new request, it often seems too contrived, too planned and not the least bit spontaneous. Once the request is made, both players anticipate the grand event, waiting to see how she does it, how he likes it. The pressure to perform is on, and that pressure often makes the performance a flop. The awkwardness and pressure are something you'll just have to go through. You'll get over it after a while, and whatever you're doing will seem spontaneous and natural. As in so many endeavors, the first time is always the most difficult.

There is hope and help. You needn't face the first request uninformed or unprepared. There are a variety of exercises, developed by sex therapists, that will help you bridge the communications gap. These exercises can be done at home, or under the watchful eye of a professional counselor.

For example, Los Angeles counselor Joel Bross conducts two-day sexuality workshops in which people make random lists of sexual things they'd like to try. The list can include sexual experiments, fantasies, new techniques, activities peripheral to sex, emotional needs associated with sex—anything the individual associates with his/her sexual needs or desires.

Here's a sample list:

1. I'd like to try group sex.

2. I'd like to try anal intercourse.

3. I'd like to have oral sex more often.

4. I'd like us to dress up and go out more often.

5. I'd like you to wear sexy nightgowns.

6. I'd like you to be more aggressive.

7. I'd like to watch you make love to a woman.

During the two-day workshop, the lists usually go on and on. You soon realize that if you're not getting what you want sexually, it's probably because you haven't asked for it. By stating desires, a person becomes more accepting of them. Sometimes couples choose to share lists and discuss each other's feelings, though this

is not mandatory. To further develop a sense of what you want, Bross suggests breaking the list down into categories such as:

1. Things I'd really like to try.

2. Fantasies I'd like to act out.

3. Things I'd really like to talk about and daydream about but don't really want to do.

Bross also suggests organizing the lists according to priorities; things that are very important, less important, and those that could wait a long time.

Psychologist Leonore Tiefer has couples who come to her for help play out a pretend bedroom scene. They sit facing each other, making eye contact. One person asks the other to engage in a particular sexual activity. They then say how they *think* their partner will react to the request. The final step is to compare how they think their partner will react to the partner's actual response. The results of this exercise are often startling and revealing. The scene might go like this:

Bob: I want you to suck me off until I come in your mouth. You probably think I'm perverted and disgusting. Is that what you really think?

Mary: I've been waiting for you to ask. I'd love to do it. It would really turn me on. I've been afraid to suggest it for fear you'd think I was being too aggressive. I'm always afraid to turn you off by being too aggressive.

The response will occasionally be "I'll be goddamned if I'll suck you!" This happens, Tiefer says, either when the couple is working out other hostilities in the relationship or when the person being asked just doesn't care for the request. It's your right to ask, and it's the other person's right to decline, for whatever reason. Instead of being crushed, be pleased that your partner is honest, and ask for something else. Think of yourself as being in a sexual marketplace, where you can ask for whatever you don't see.

If the answer is always "No," you might check to see if this is a sign of trouble elsewhere in the relationship. It's here that a professional counselor can often be of considerable assistance.

Problems in sexual communication reflect many aspects of a relationship. A problem, Tiefer says, often mirrors the power structure of a relationship. It's the woman, she says, who usually has difficulty asking for something sexual—for attention, for tenderness, for more or less of anything. Women are accustomed to having less power in a relationship, and they often feel they need a relationship more than a man does in order to establish their self worth. As a result, women have more to lose in a power struggle over sex.

BOOKS THAT CAN HELP YOU FIND YOUR VOICE

There are a number of books that can help you open the channels of sexual communication. These books will give you ideas on what to do and how to proceed, and their very presence might start just the discussion you want to have with your lover.

Probably the best known books are *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy*, by Dr. Alex Comfort. If you want to extend the range of ways and means for expressing yourself sexually, these are helpful guidebooks. Comfort's straightforward presentation makes you and your lover see your wildest desires as the natural things they are.

Comfort advises couples to look through his books and tell each other what strikes their fancy. The books are well illustrated, so for beginning communicators it's possible to just point.

Communication should also improve after you've read *The Intimate Enemy*, by Dr. George Bach and Peter Wyden. This is a book about fighting. There are, it turns out, good ways and bad ways to have a fight. A good fight, according to Bach and Wyden, is when people exchange information about what is bothering them, and release some of the physical tension associated with anger.

Failure to fight constructively destroys intimacy and blocks feeling, according to the authors. A good, clean, healthy fight about sex can be helpful, but only if you can remove the non-sexual issues, which should be debated at another time and place.

The New Assertive Woman, by Lynn Boom, Karen Coburn and Joan Pearlman, is another useful text that provides an insight into the particular problems and difficulties that women have in talking about sex, and about asserting themselves in other ways, as well.

One of the book's best suggestions is that partners find other erotic outlets—sensuous massages, manual and oral gratification—when one person isn't in the mood for intercourse.

These are but a few of the books available. A small investment of time and money at your local bookstore or library should provide the reading material you need to get the talking started. Look in the section labeled psychology or human relations and you'll find a wealth of material. Remember, however, that none of it is any good if you don't speak up and start asking for what you want.

Joel Bross feels that men have as much difficulty as women knowing what they want and asking for it. Bross says he frequently sees in therapy men who are depressed, apathetic, and afraid that their wives are losing interest.

On the surface, Bross says, it may seem that men are winning the power struggle in the relationship. However, in any unequal relationship the strong person pays in subtle ways. If the husband is always on top sexually, the wife is likely to undermine him with guilts, complaining or put-downs in social situations. What is important for both people is to feel they have choices.

Sex therapist Bill Peeler sees the power struggle a little differently. Both men and women are raised to think that women do not need "it" as frequently as men. In spite of current literature indicating women's superior sexual capacities many people still feel this way. Most couples behave as if the man wants sex more and the woman wants the relationship more. This does not always hold true, Peeler says, when people get to the core of the relationship.

Sometimes, Peeler says, you have a situation where the man reads a lot of men's magazines. His fantasies get going. He imagines he wants to try everything – group sex, open sex, discipline and bondage, threesomes, strange positions—but he doesn't know how to initiate these things. In fact, when you pin him down, he's not sure what he'd really like to do and what he'd like to keep in mind as fantasy.

However, in his frustration and confusion, he's likely to start harassing his partner, blaming her for his sexual boredom. If his partner then says, "Come on, let's do it!" the man will often run scared.

The solution is openness, honesty, caring, concern and conversation. Peeler suggests that after you've read all the books (see box) and tried all the exercises that you schedule a sexual experimentation night. That evening should be free of children, in-laws, responsibilities and worries. Each person writes, on a separate piece of paper, what he or she hasn't done before but wants to try. The slips go into a container, and are drawn until energy or the evening is exhausted.

This is one of the most enjoyable ways to learn about your partner's secret wishes, and to try out some of your own. In fact, the more you talk about sex, the more it will become play, rather than work. The first and most important step is to break the sexual sound barrier and ask for what you want.

Nancy Shiffrin is the author of **Anger, Encounter, Accupressure: The Fingertip Cure** *and* **Your Bedside Book of Dreams** *published by Major Books, Chatsworth, CA.*

OUR EROTIC PAST

ADVISOR BRINGS BACK THAT OLD-TIME EROTICISM

"A Happy Moment" by Vidal—18th Century

continued on page 70

Is your sex life crippled by fear and inexperience?

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You experience the excitement of meeting a beautiful girl in the park, quite by chance. There is the exhilaration of going up to her apartment, as she invents a ruse to have you stop by. Your thoughts run wild. So do hers. Each of you, in your own private world of imagination, moves forward to what you instinctively feel must happen between you. The anticipation is delicious. You feel strong, confident, powerful.

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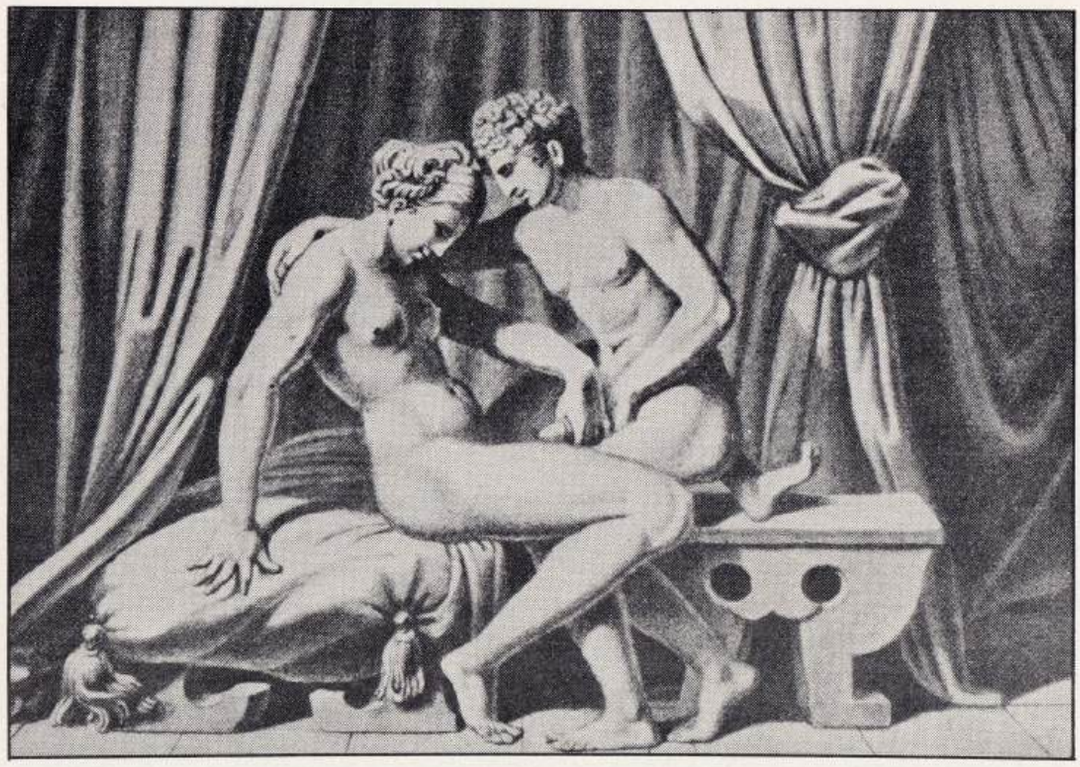
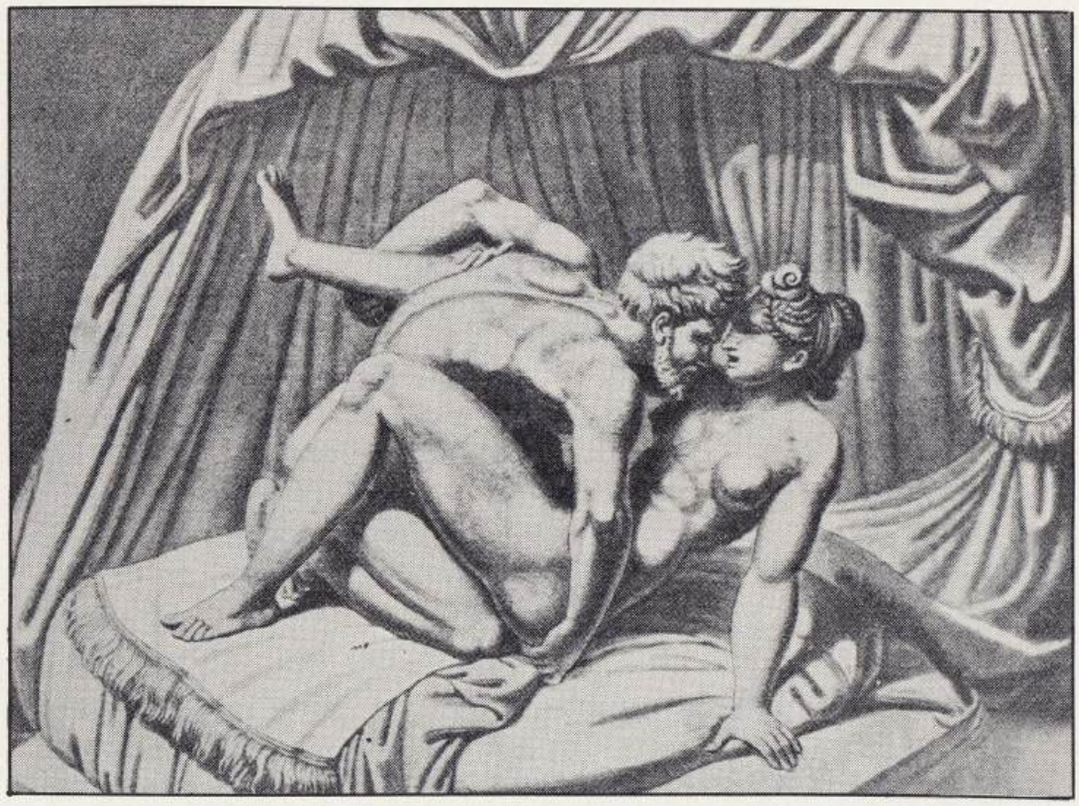
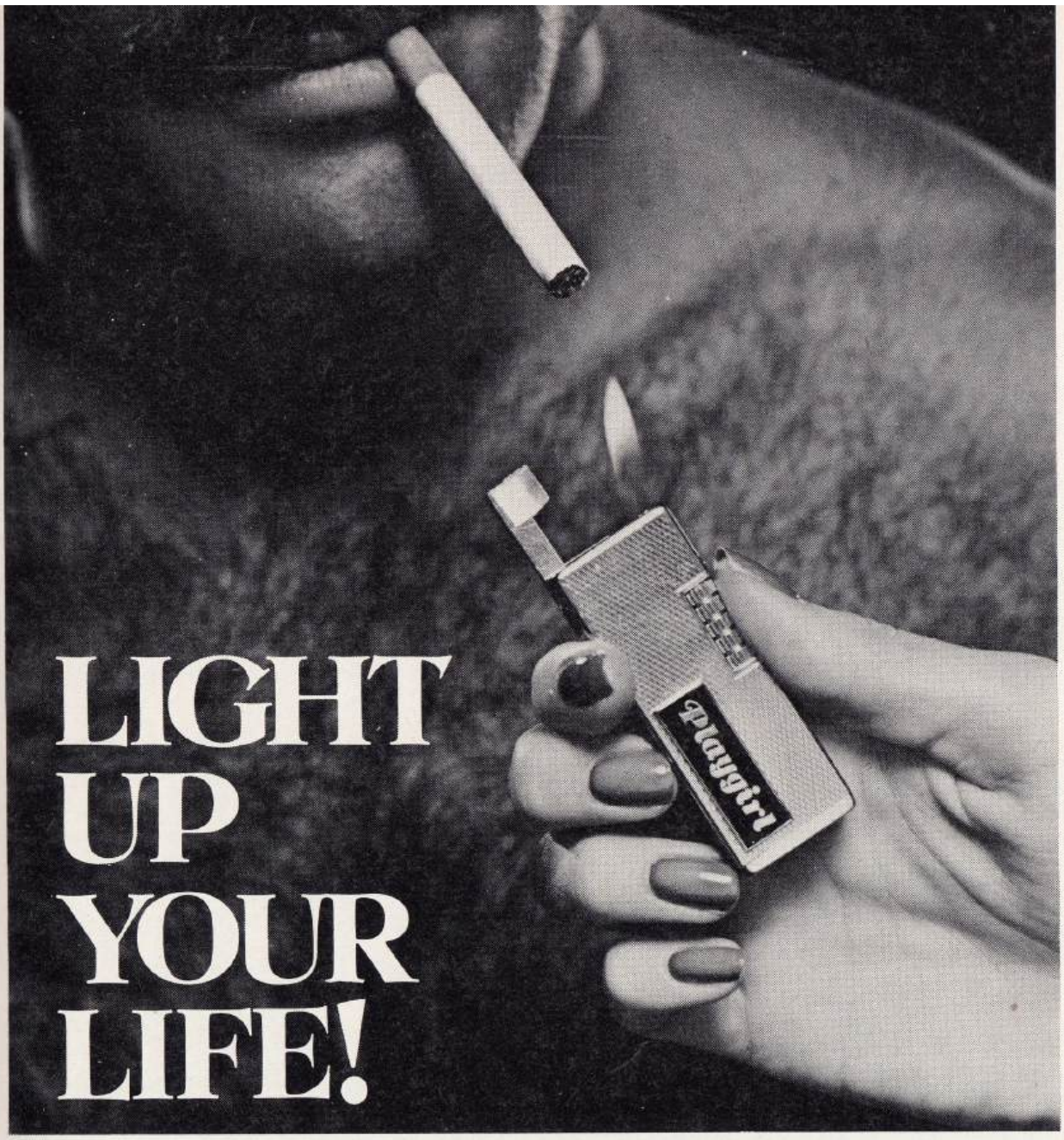




Sedici Modi prints engraved by Marcantonio Ramonds after drawings by Giulio Romano—1499



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ADBU 6/7

fantasies

INTERPRETED BY HARVEY TILKER, PhD, & JACK ARNOLD

OUT OF THE CROWD

Debbie, a student at the University of Michigan, spends a good deal of time without her lover (who lives in another city) but she's obviously not alone. When the toil and strain of academia become too much, her fantasies transport her to an old-fashioned, campus style "study group."

I'm lying on the floor, the orgy going on all around me. Alone for the moment, satiated and saturated, I listen to the murmurings and moanings emerging from different parts of the darkness. My body, warm and moist, tingles as I stretch it along the soft carpeting. Sounds just to my right bring me out of my reverie, and I turn over to watch. My eyes adjust enough so that I am able to see two figures outlined against the whiteness of the wall. They are intertwined and writhing together. The shadows softly cup the woman's curves, giving her body a misty, sensuous look and yet enhance the muscular lines of the man's body. Where a light touches them, their bodies glisten with sweat. As I watch, she climaxes, arching her back and pressing against him.

My smile is unseen as I look around the room at the many others, just as they looked at me only a few minutes before. There are many beautiful bodies, some tensed in orgasm, others in the unconscious repose of exhaustion. A chill runs down my spine, and I sit up to stretch langorously, my firm, round breasts protruding and catching the evasive light.

I am aware of something moving toward me. In the diffuse light it is hard to make out the features, but I know who it is. We came here together, nervous, a little scared, but both willing to try something new. I lost him almost at once and it is good to see him again amidst the beautiful but amorphous mass of naked humanity.

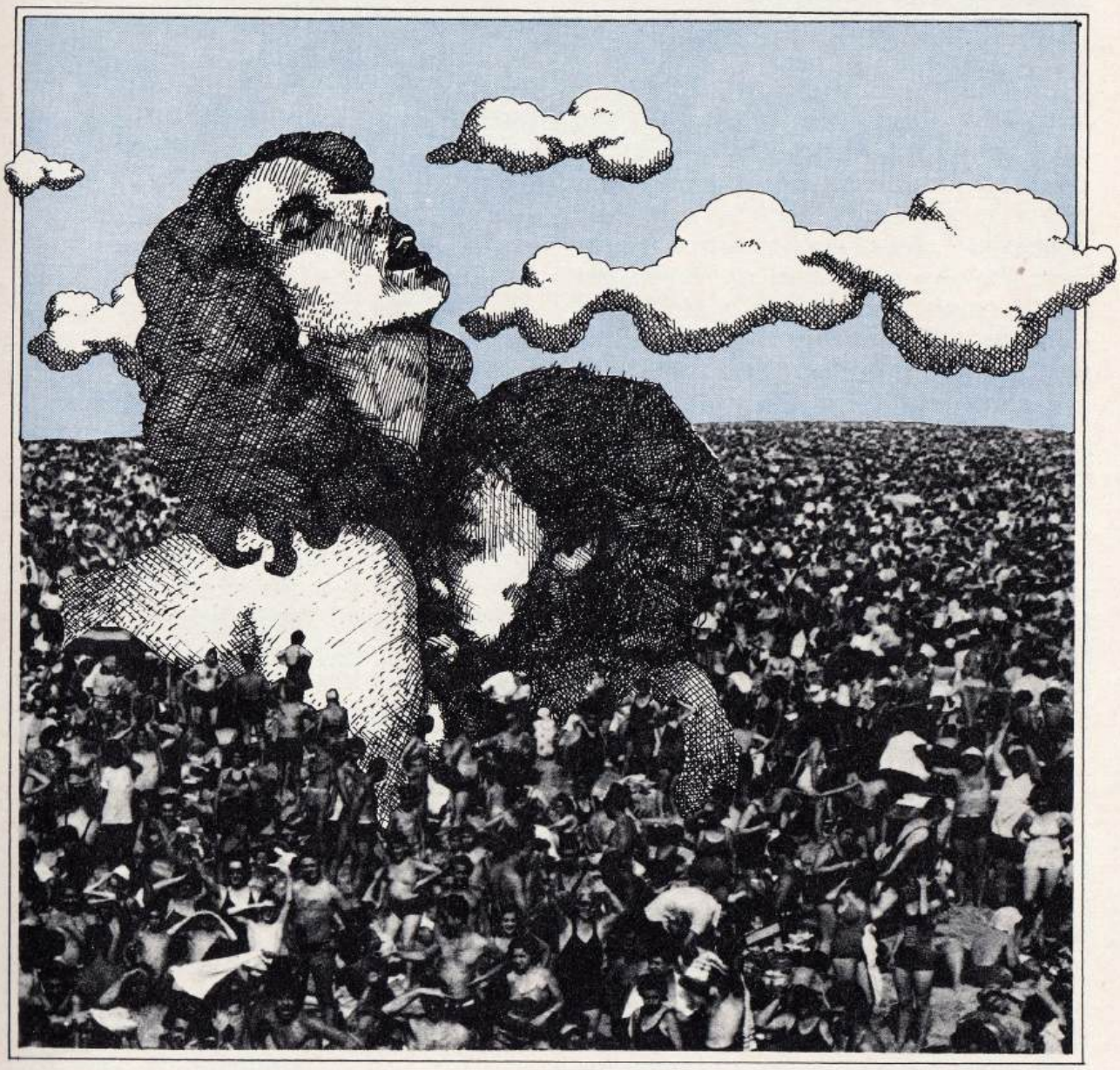
He reaches out and gently begins stroking my hair. His other hand runs down to caress my breast, and to trail a finger across my stomach. Tenderly, I touch his cheek, and then grasp the back of his neck bringing him forward to kiss me. His tongue teases my lips briefly, then claims my mouth entirely as his arms gather me in.

He is not large, but rather lean and taut. I love the suppleness and strength in his body. I caress the subtly contoured muscles of his back, and then reach down to touch the little patch of hair that grows at the small of his back. I know his body so well, every exciting inch of it, yet I never tire of touching him, of feeling his hardness against me. My body starts to tingle, my pelvis moves slightly, in anticipation. He knows what I want, but his fingers tease the insides of my thighs as he nibbles and nuzzles the curve of my neck. I touch his balls; they're firm and round. As I massage them lightly, the skin on his penis becomes tight, but still soft to the touch. I rub him slowly. His breathing comes faster, he moans deeply, and I kiss his eyelids and forehead while he presses me to him. Then his fingers are in my pussy, and I feel my body flush with excitement. His sensitive fingers know just how and where to touch me and really get my juices flowing. I'm wet all over. I strain against him and guide his penis toward my tight, pulsating

vagina. I want his hugeness inside of me.

Suddenly, I wonder if other people are watching us, but it really doesn't matter. I want to show the whole world how much pleasure he gives me. His thick cock slides into me, and the thrill of that first penetration makes me shiver. The moaning I hear now is my own. We smile at each other, a smile that says "Fantastic!" The tension in our bodies increases, and I know that the others can't keep from watching us. The feeling of his prick plunging in and out of my hot, throbbing pussy makes me tremble at the very roots. I am about to climax. I massage my clit, in-between his powerful thrusts, and in a whirl of sensation, gasping, clawing, and writhing, aware of nothing but the pleasure, I come! My eyes open to see his face above mine, the muscles tensed, just as he explodes inside of me in great shuddering spasms. I milk him, slowly and lovingly, of every drop, and then, moving slower and slower, he finally comes to rest in my arms.

Interpretation: ***". . . the best of all possible worlds," touted the good Dr. Pangloss, perhaps with Debbie in mind. We're a society of classifiers—a special category for this, a "proper" time and place for that. So even sex objects (in the non-political sense) of erotic fantasy are generally classified into categories: (1) Persons or things we know (in the non-Biblical sense); (2) persons or things we know all right, but***



with a knowledge insufficient in quality of quantity; or (3) total strangers or things totally strange. Such classification systems are handy and logical for most of us, but rigid, erotic classification is hard for Debbie, and hardly necessary. Rather than select one handy category, she fantasizes all of the above.

First, she's something of an outsider on the inside. While staying self-contained and stretched on soft carpet, she can enjoy the intertwined writhing surroundings—the beautiful glistening bodies—without losing her coolness. At the same time, she participates emotionally, well rewarded by the sights and sounds of voyeurism. She isn't, however, bound to the sidelines.

Next comes the physical aspect of her tasty experience, and Debbie again has her erotic cake and eats it too. Her lover is anonymous, but he knows exactly how to please her, and vice-versa. They communicate as the oldest and dearest of friends. Debbie and this "stranger" please each other as if they were the only two lovers on the carpet of the earth. Yet Debbie again has it both or all pleasurable ways—she wants to share her great pleasure with the whole world.

Debbie's mind is open to all manner of possibilities. Her fantasy world is whole, not compartmentalized. Her possible world is one of anonymity and acknowledgment, of exclusivity and exhibitionism. Finally, Debbie combines love with the proper stranger—the best of all possible worlds, indeed!

THE BIG BALD EAGLE

Nathan S., 27, married, father of one child, describes himself as a "moderately successful smalltown businessman." His fantasy (which many might consider neither smalltown nor moderate) is a child's delight—a Nathan in Wonderland!

I am at a nudist camp for the first time in my life. Although I don't know how I got there, or where it is, I do know that I am there alone (without an adult). I enter the dressing (undressing) room, looking for an empty locker in which to store my clothes. Passing by a row of lockers, I see the only other people who seem to be there—two young boys. One appears to be about 12 or 13 while the other, obviously his brother, is about 9 or 10. We introduce ourselves (Timmy is the older boy and Jonathan the younger), and while undressing, the boys eagerly tell me about all the "neat" things one can do at the camp. They have obviously been here before.

In my fantasy, my penis is not its normal adult size, but rather similar to that of my six-year-old son's. I have no pubic hair. I notice that Timmy has a penis which is nearly adult size—long and thick with little clumps of blonde hairs sprouting from the base of his cock. Jonathan's penis is much smaller and more delicate looking than his brother's, but it's still nearly twice as large as mine. I can tell that Jonathan is somewhat ashamed to face me directly because he knows that in the presence of his brother and an adult, his penis will be the smallest. Purposely, I turn to face him and a small but noticeable sparkle appears in his eyes. When he sees that my penis is so much smaller than his the shyness fades, and in its place there is a relaxed confidence.

Timmy, also noticing my tiny penis, says nothing directly, but immediately becomes occupied with his own cock. As he continues on about the activities at the camp, he is stroking and massaging his penis. This arouses me and, without hesitation, I tell him what beautiful cocks he and his brother possess. They giggle with delight from such a compliment, especially coming from an adult.

I ask Timmy if I can rub his penis. As quickly as he agrees, Jonathan begs to be included. In a matter of seconds both boys are hard. Slowly, I go to my knees and putting both of their cocks in my mouth at once, savor the full, warm, rigid flesh. Sucking gently, I stop just short of bringing them to climax, as I do not particularly relish the taste of come. Their balls aching with pleasure, they plead to come. I place each brother's hand on the other's cock,

continued on page 76

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and they consummate the act with a few short tugs.

By this time, I am feverish with excitement—my hands are shaking and I can hardly speak. I begin jerking off my tiny prick as the brothers watch. Though I am nearly senseless with sexual delight, I cannot reach a climax. I am nearly to the point of nausea when Jonathan, sensing the situation, takes my cock in his small hand and begins stroking it. With his other hand, he begins rubbing his own cock in time with mine. The sensations of his jerking me off, while I watch him play with his hardon, quickly bring me to a shattering climax.

As if this were not enough, Timmy and Jonathan take me outside and introduce me to their friends—all children between the ages of 10 and 14. The boys' cocks are of various sizes, but all are larger than mine. Though no mention is made of it, I am able to see that all have taken notice and are inordinately proud of this fact. Their obvious feelings of superiority over an adult begin arousing me once more.

My two young friends introduce me to Ann, a 12-year-old, red-haired beauty with clearly discernible, though by no means fully developed breasts. Her pussy is lightly dusted with a thin crop of soft, red hairs. Quite unexpectedly, Ann offers to ball all three of us. In a tree-shaded area where the ground cover grows in a thick carpet, I watch Timmy slide his beautiful, fat, long cock in and out of Ann's pussy. Jonathan walks over, straddles Ann's head and lowers his cock into her waiting mouth. As both boys climax, I am almost dizzy with arousal. Before I can ask, Ann turns to face me, and says, "Now it's the big bald eagle's turn!" Eagerly, with childlike anticipation, I mount her and slide my hard little tool into her small, tight vagina, barely moving back and forth. The soft fuzz rubs against my bare abdomen, while I lick her newly sprouted tits. I realize a sexual gratification unlike anything I've ever felt before. With Timmy and Jonathan jerking off while they look on, I experience the greatest climax of my life. I have never felt more comfortable, more satisfied, or more relaxed.

Interpretation: ***While fantasy usually zips us into the future, it sometimes zippers us into the past. We can take ourselves back to the "good old days," when our sexual actions were fresh and mysterious and swell fun (or so we seem to remember them). Sometimes, especially when we're bored or frustrated with present conditions and future prospects, we simply regress. If insights and pleasures are found in harmless, temporary regression, the good old days are great. Certainly, Nathan finds them so.***

Human development—physical, emotional, mental and social—is a complex interaction between heredity and environment. Human development isn't easy, and on any given day many of us wish to start the process again. In Nathan's fantasy, he gets to start over, at least in some ways.

Viewing sexuality from a child's point of view, Nathan creates a fantasy camp that is less complex than his adult world. The size of his penis plays a large (rather, small) role in this fantasy. (The penis is frequently out of proportion in both dream-state and wide-awake fantasies.) In psychoanalytic interpretations of male fantasies, a large penis represents erotic vanity and self-confidence and a REALLY LARGE penis often symbolizes feelings of aggression. On the other hand, an awfully small penis can represent feelings of sexual inadequacy. If Nathan was feeling sexually aggressive on that given day, he overcompensated for the feeling with the fantasy that his penis was smaller than the smallest child's. (Statistically, by the way, very small and really large penises are more often fantasy than fact.)

Nathan's fantasy is an expression of a desire for the simple life that adults incorrectly remember living as children. Decision making can be frustrating for child and adult alike, and Nathan's fantasy is a way out of making decisions. He doesn't have to decide about nakedness—nudist camp rules require it. Nor does he have to

initiate sexual activity—the children take this risk first, thus sparing him potential failure or humiliation.

Along non-risktaking lines, Nathan further shaves his odds for failure by imaginarily shaving his pubic hair. Nathan becomes a child himself. Not merely a child, but the youngest child, which insures protection (in fantasy). By being a child, one of the gang, Nathan finds another kind of safety—safety in numbers. Nathan's most enjoyable sex is undertaken with the gang (bang) and that fact enables him to be most comfortable.

ROOMMATE WANTED

Myra recently moved to New York City from a small town in Ohio. Although she is enjoying the city and her new friends, $400 a month for a one-bedroom apartment puts a real strain on her pocketbook. But that's New York—reasonable rent is nonexistent. A roommate, though, might solve her financial problem. Myra has been toying with the idea of finding just the right person to share her rent and her room.

As a freelance-writer, much of my time is spent writing ad copy and "how-to-do-it" manuals for the manufacturer of home calculators. Although the work has flexible hours, and allows me to work at home, it requires concentration and care with words. The job can be tedious and boring, but I get by with a little help from my favorite fantasy.

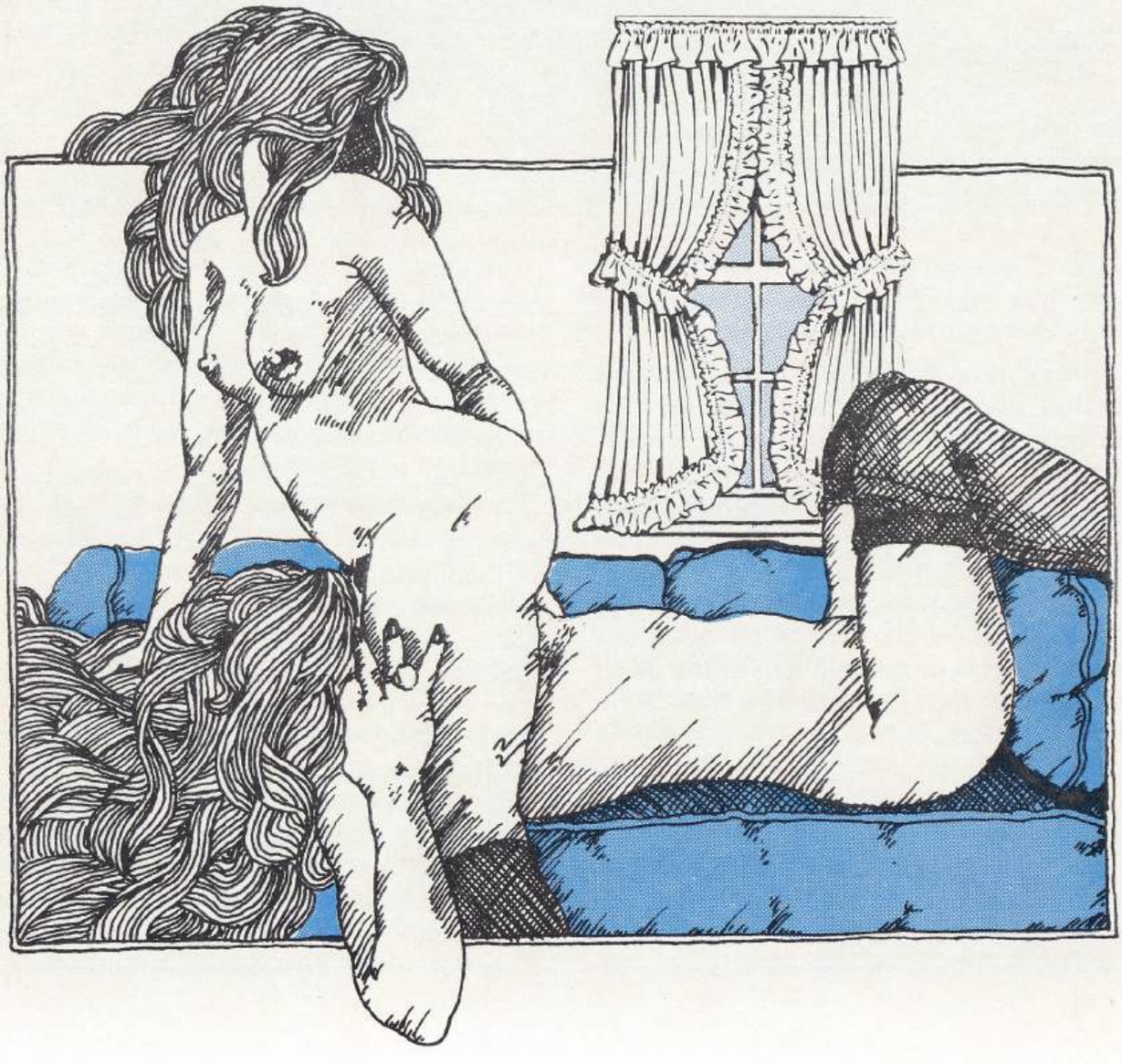
I'm sitting undressed on the couch, reading an underground newspaper I bought on impulse the day before. I begin scanning the classified section and see an ad for a computerized roommate service. They guarantee a match with the perfect

roommate—someone with similar interests, habits, budget and so forth. This sounds intriguing and my mind starts to wander. I'm not really concerned about whether we both like the same TV shows, or enjoy the museums and the theatre. I'm thinking about what the two of us might do in my small one-bedroom apartment with a double bed, and I'm not thinking about a male roommate either!

I dial the number of the service and make an immediate appointment. When I arrive, I'm asked to fill out a lengthy questionnaire about myself. After answering all of the questions, some very personal in nature, the computer starts its work. In no time, I'm given the names of three women to contact. I'm assured that these women are the perfect match for me. I'm dying to meet any of them, since I gave some erotic, unorthodox answers to many of the questions about my sexual preferences.

I dash home and call Helaine, the first woman on the list. The sensuousness of the "Hello" that comes over the line startles me back to reality. The "Hi" I'm finally able to manage is met with silence. There's no point in turning back now. "I received your name from the roommate service," is my next effort, said with as much sultry sensuousness as the statement will bear. Still no response, except for slow, barely noticeable breaths coming over the line. "Are you still looking for a roommate?" "Yes, but do you know what kind of a roommate I want; I mean, you dig the full meaning of this, don't you?" "Yes. I know and I do. You have a lovely voice Helaine. What time can you come to see my apartment?" Helaine's voice is more enthusiastic now. "If 7:30 is OK with you, I'll drop by then." "Fine," is all that precedes the address and apartment number before the phone goes dead.

The remainder of the day is a waste, as far as work is concerned, and I'm relieved when it's finally 5:30. Soaking in a hot,



luxurious, scented bath, my senses are open and operating at full power. I linger, fantasizing about what that gorgeous voice on the telephone is attached to: long, straight, auburn hair; dark, almost olive complexion; full breasts; leggy; every part sensuous; and the totality, very strong.

It's 7:45 and Helaine hasn't arrived yet. Her lateness heightens my sense of anticipation. I'm nervous, excited and worried that she won't show up. The doorbell rings, and I open it almost instantly. Helaine is even more beautiful than I imagined! I take her hand and (not noticing or mentioning its wetness; she's nervous too) lead her inside.

My apartment is decorated in Louis XIV antiques given to me by my grandmother. Helaine is almost overwhelmed. "You have marvelous taste. Your apartment is beautifully decorated." As her eyes search out the treasures of my home, I take her in my arms and give her a warm hug. Reflexively, our bodies begin an exploration that can't be stopped. I know the evening is beginning perfectly and will be what I've dreamed about all day.

"You know, you are really much nicer than I expected," Helaine says when our lips momentarily part. Her eyes roam over my body and linger on my pussy, which at the very sight of her has already begun sending shivers of delight clear to my fingertips.

I ask if she would like a drink, then smile as she answers, "Only if you have no grass to smoke." I bring a joint to the couch and, standing over her, hesitate for an instant. Looking at and through her, I finally release the joint and she lights it. She sits as close to me as physically possible, exerting minimal effort in passing the grass back and forth. We are already one, as the warm, Colombian smoke begins to have its effect. Leaning closer, she purrs, "What is that lovely smell, and where else do you have it on?" Raising my cowl neck sweater, I am delighted as her eyes feast appreciatively on my tits. She pushes her face into them, as the most erotic sounds I've ever heard escape from her throat.

My legs spread, slowly, and I feel an

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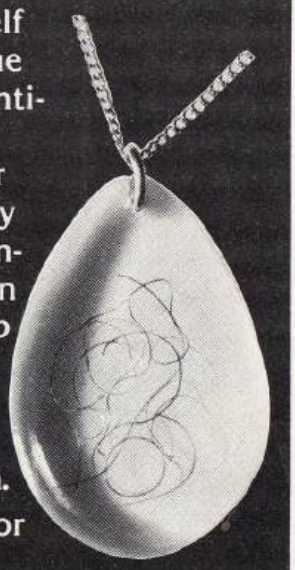

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incredible pounding from my pussy. Helaine's hand moves roughly down my belly, coming to a momentary rest in the warmth and moistness below. In a second she is down on her knees, her mouth caressing my vagina. Circling, pushing and pressing, she finally falls back in exhaustion only after I spasm violently, threatening to suffocate her. When she gets up, I take her hand, and offer to show her the rest of the apartment.

Walking into the bedroom we kiss hungrily, while our fingers clumsily fumble with buttons. We are both undressed and standing at the foot of the bed when she tells me to turn around and bend over. With childlike obedience and adoration, I rest my head and arms on the bed as she thrusts her finger into my ass. I begin writhing in pleasure, approaching ecstasy, as Helaine keeps ramming it deeper and deeper into my ass. "Now spread your legs wider so you can feel it better," she says. She's right! I am lost for a moment, but return to meet her humping thrusts and her hard tits pressing against my back.

Again, taking my hand, she effortlessly leads and instructs in one flowing movement. "Get on all fours, my little pet, and spread wide." Her face buries itself between my cheeks, her tongue sliding into my asshole. My head begins swirling as she jabs at my pussy, teasingly, making me beg for more. Stopping for a moment, she straps on an eight inch dildo and rams it home with a force that nearly takes my breath away. Our bodies begin a series of electrically charged, almost uncontrollable, twitches and spasms, ending only when we are no longer able to hold ourselves up.

As our strength returns, I agree that she will move in the next day. The rest of this beautiful evening is spent exploring, fucking, and relaxing.

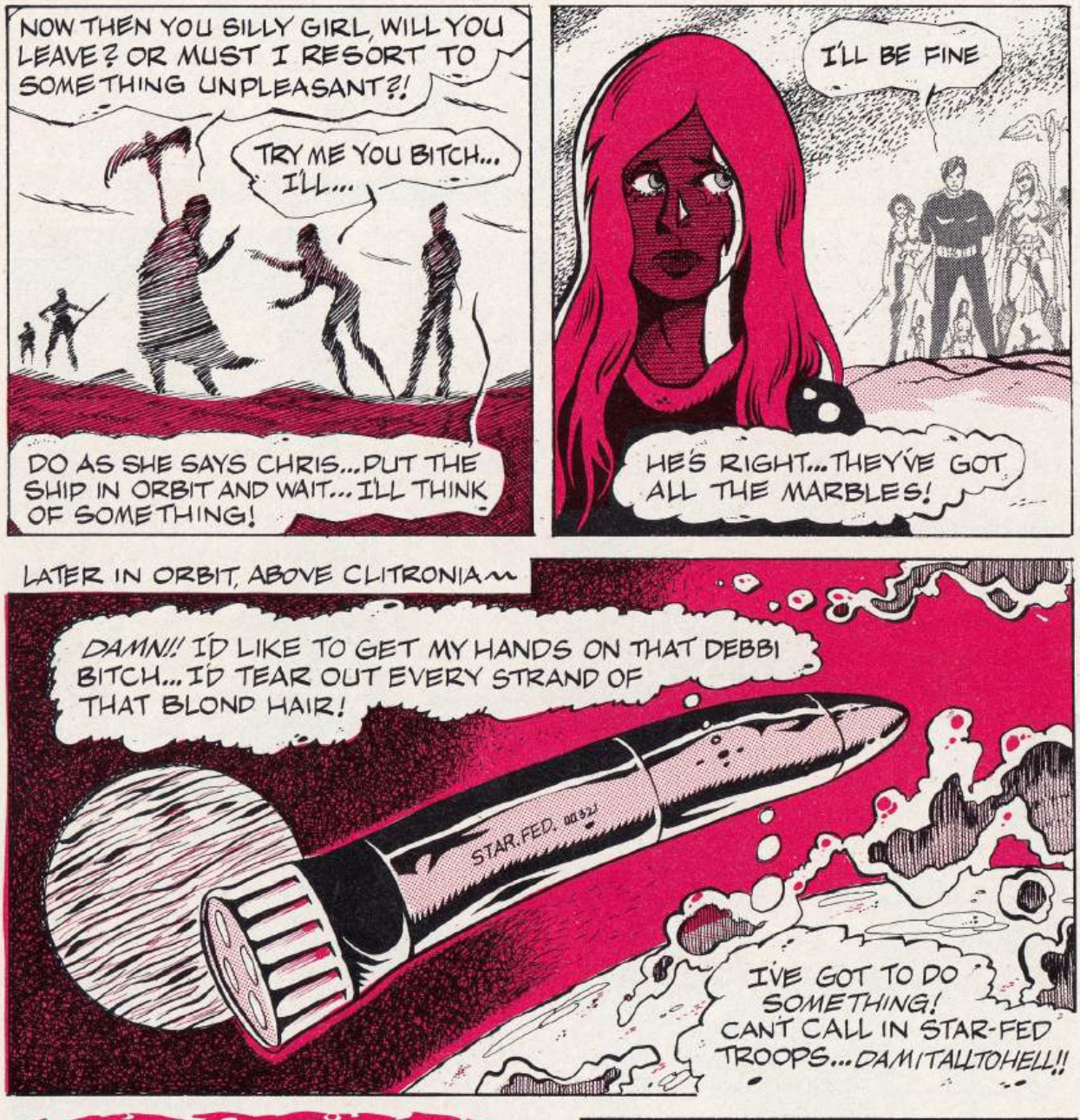
This does it for me, and someday I hope to have the courage to carry it through.

Interpretation: ***Homosexual fantasy is commonplace. As you've read in this column, to have female or male same-sex fantasies doesn't indicate the fantasizer's sexual preference or behavior pattern. Every person, including Myra, is more or less homosexually inclined. "Homosexual" is a better adjective than noun. The name for our species is*** **Homo sapiens** ***or human being; we aren't properly named when classified as homosexual or bisexual or heterosexual. Sexual behavior varies greatly within our species. If homosexual fantasies indicate anything, it would correctly be a fully developed erotic nature (as in natural).***

But even if Myra's fantasy did somehow classify her as a homosexual **Homo sapiens**—***which it clearly does not—so what? Advantages exist in homosexual activities, particularly for consenting females. For example, take male-female sexual intercourse. (Or in this particular example don't take it.) The "crowning glory" of human erotic experience in our culture is most commonly considered to be sexual intercourse—the sex act, the traditional in-and-out. We don't favor any form of sexuality to the exclusion of any other (among consenting adults), but we recognize that man-on-top intercourse is not always what it's cracked up to be for the woman on the bottom. According to author Shere Hite*** **(The Hite Report)** ***and the pioneering San Francisco psychologist, Lonnie Garfield Barbach:*** **(For Yourself, The Fulfillment of Female Sexuality)**, ***at least 70 percent of America's women do not achieve orgasm regularly through male-female sexual intercourse. Frequently, the sex act is more act than sex. Some crowning glory! Certainly some reason for a lesbian fantasy.***

It's little wonder that female-female sexual activity is on the rise. We don't know exactly what percentage of the female population prefers lesbian experiences—statistics vary from eight to twenty percent—we do know, however, that Myra is not alone in getting enjoyment from homosexual fantasy. Neither our imaginations nor our emotions are bound entirely by gender identification. Myra, for a few fleeting and secret moments, is bound by nothing. ◑

SEX TREK
ADVENTURE IN OUTER SPACE WITH SEXUAL RESEARCHERS DOCTOR CHRIS BLAINE & NEIL ADDAMS
by DENNIS ELLEFSON
OUR STORY: CHRIS AND NEIL HAVE LANDED ON THE PLANET CLITRONIA WHICH IS TOTALLY CONTROLLED BY MILITANT, CHAUVINISTIC, GUN-TOTING WOMEN! THE RULER/QUEEN, DEBBI HAS TAKEN A SHINE TO NEIL AND WANTS TO KEEP HIM AS A PERSONAL PLAYTHING! CHRIS IS TOLD TO BE ON HER WAY... BUT NEIL IS TO STAY! AS WE LAST LOOKED IN ON OUR TWOSOME THEY WERE VACATING THIS DISMAL SCENE!
AFTER THEM!
RUN CHRIS... WE MAKE IT TO THE SHIP AND WE'RE SAFE!
...THEY'RE..PUFF..GAINING ON US!
OH... NO!!


NOW THEN YOU SILLY GIRL, WILL YOU LEAVE? OR MUST I RESORT TO SOMETHING UNPLEASANT?!
TRY ME YOU BITCH... I'LL...
DO AS SHE SAYS CHRIS... PUT THE SHIP IN ORBIT AND WAIT... I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
I'LL BE FINE
HE'S RIGHT... THEY'VE GOT ALL THE MARBLES!
LATER IN ORBIT, ABOVE CLITRONIA
DAMN!! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT DEBBI BITCH... I'D TEAR OUT EVERY STRAND OF THAT BLOND HAIR!
STAR-FED
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! CAN'T CALL IN STAR-FED TROOPS... DAMIT ALL TO HELL!!
THAT NIGHT, IN A HOLDING CELL...
OUR QUEEN DESIRES YOUR PRESENCE... COME WITH ME!
AH NEIL... PLEASE RELAX... I'M NOT A CRUEL PERSON... I ONLY WANT TO MAKE LOVE WITH YOU... YOU'LL LEARN TO LIKE IT HERE... AS SOON AS YOU LEARN YOUR PLACE!
UH HUH!

NEIL... SOB I'VE LOST YOU!
HMMM... I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
AND SO IN DEBBI'S CAVE NEIL'S ORDEAL BEGINS...
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY... BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT... IT'S MIND OVER MATTER!
STEELY DON
YOU'RE SO STRONG, SO VIRILE! BEGIN!! SATISFY ME... THAT IS YOUR PURPOSE!

C'MON, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? DO IT, YOU FOOL!
IT'S WORKING.../IT'S WORKING!
THE FOLLOWING MORN, A MESSAGE TO THE "CASSANDRA" FROM CLITRONIA
PLEASE STAND BY TO LAND YOUR SHIP AT THE FOLLOWING COORDINATES!
ER..AH...RIGHT!
AND...
ZZZ
BE GONE, USELESSNESS!
HI BABES!
NEIL!
LATER, FAR FAR AWAY
SO YOU SEE, I TOLD MYSELF THAT DEBBI WAS THE BIGGEST TURN-OFF I'D EVER SEEN! IT TOOK A LOT OF CONCENTRATION... BUT SINCE I WAS UNABLE TO PERFORM, DEBBI SENT ME ON MY WAY!
YOU WERE IMPOTENT?
RIGHT!
NEIL YOU'RE AMAZING...I THINK I'D BETTER MAKE SURE YOU'RE OKAY NOW!
AH... YEAH... I THINK YOU SHOULD!
BEST TO ALL
DENNIS ELLERSON '77
AND THAT CHILDREN, IS THE END

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ILLUSTRATIONS: RICHARD STEIN

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

I have read with a great deal of interest and a certain amount of surprise all the letters you receive about incestuous relationships. I think incest is more common than we have been led to believe. In fact, I think it is probably the last sexual skeleton in the Victorian closet of taboos. My own life is not without its incestuous side, I'm happy to say.

I met my husband, Rob, when I was 18 years old. He was living at home with his father, a widower. When I met Rob's dad for the first time, I was amazed by the striking resemblance between father and son. Don, the father, seemed just like an older version of his son. It was clear from the beginning that this family was very close and without secrets.

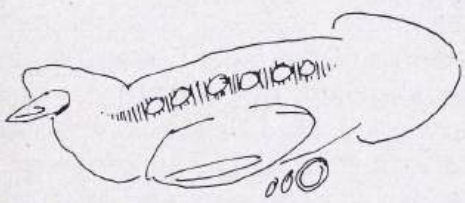
That night, at Don's invitation, Rob and I slept together in the master bedroom of the house. It was the first time we'd really had an opportunity to be together in a large, luxurious bed. We fucked noisily and passionately for most of the night. In the morning I was very sleepy and didn't hear the door open and Don enter with three steaming mugs of coffee. I awoke to see Don and Rob sitting naked on the side of the bed talking about the pleasures of oral sex and the joy of having a woman in the house again. My first reaction was to pull the covers up and hide my naked body, but before I could do this Don handed me a cup of coffee and complimented me on my youthful beauty. I thanked him for the coffee and compliments and noticed that his own body was still quite trim and his penis more than half erect. Both men are well hung. After we finished our coffee and chatted for a while Rob asked me directly if I would like to fellate his father. I was kind of thrown by his request but began to lick and suck Don's beautiful cock. It seemed like a very natural thing to do. It didn't stop there, of course. I soon welcomed Don between my legs while Rob caressed me and masturbated himself.

A week later Rob and I were married and we moved into the house with Don. At first I had misgivings about this arrangement. I wondered if jealousy would raise its ugly head. To tell the truth, I was physically attracted to both Rob and Don. I loved them both although Rob *was* my husband. However, as time went by Rob did not discourage intercourse between me and his father. In fact he approved of it and I loved him all the more for his openmindedness.

It is quite common now in our happy

household (of some eight years standing) for me to spend long slow evenings in bed with either Don or Rob or both. All of us enjoy a very full and satisfying sexual relationship. In my case this form of incest has given all three of us deep and lasting satisfaction.

S.W.
Tampa, FL



SEX IN THE AIR

Last May I flew to London to attend a conference on urban planning and development. Much to my delight I found myself seated next to a beautiful woman of Indian origin, whose name was Chandri. She was visiting relatives in London. She had thick rich hair, large breasts and a seductive smile. I was enchanted with this woman and we started talking immediately. Two bourbons made us very flushed and very friendly. It was as if we had known each other for years.

After we had dinner, the lights were dimmed and we settled down for the night while we crossed the Atlantic. I noticed that Chandri's head was close to mine, so close that if she turned her head toward me our mouths would be inches apart. Then, as though she had read my mind, she turned her head. I needed no further invitation. I moved my mouth up to hers and suddenly we were lost in a deep, wet kiss. Our tongues turned around in each other's mouths. We were hungry for each other. Chandri moved her body close to mine while I covered us with a blanket. I searched in her blouse for her heaving breasts and found them firm and large, with nipples as erect as my cock.

I wasn't sure what to do next. Intercourse seemed out of the question in such cramped quarters, and with so many people walking to and from the bathroom. Yet I wanted this woman like mad. Chandri solved the problem. She knew exactly what to do. She kissed me on the mouth then moved her head down my chest to my genitals. I swiftly unzipped my fly and Chandri brought my penis out of its confines and put it in her mouth. I quickly arranged the blanket so that she was completely hidden from view. I was gasping in ecstasy and feeling all the joys of fellatio when the stewardess walked by and asked if everything was all right. I quickly nodded that everything was fine and she left. Chandri continued to caress me with her mouth, oblivious to the drama that had taken place above the blanket. She squeezed my penis in her mouth; unable to hold back any longer, I erupted with great fountains of sperm. Then Chandri "surfaced" and we kissed again, and I tasted myself on her soft lips and in her mouth. We decided to consummate our liaison in London and be satisfied for the time being with just a taste.

I wonder how common sex on airlines is. I can't think of a better way to fly.

D.J.
Rochester, NY

DELIGHTFUL DECEPTION

My 45-year-old boyfriend finally had a vasectomy at my request. (I was worried about continuing on the Pill after I turned 40.) Unfortunately, he lost interest in sex soon after the operation. No matter what I did—I tried sucking, licking, oil massages and hot towels, among other things—he just couldn't get it up.

After his doctor assured him that the problem had to be psychological, not physical, he went to a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist told him that he was punishing me for robbing him of his manhood. Well, I didn't take kindly to that, but I was willing to go along with any explanation if it worked. I couldn't figure out quite how to convince him that he was still a man, although I considered pretending to be pregnant, but figured that trick would be both dishonest and too complicated. So I decided to use psychology myself.

I switched tactics completely. Rather than being very aggressive in trying to arouse my limp lover, I decided to be a traditionally passive female. I bought a very girlish and innocent looking white

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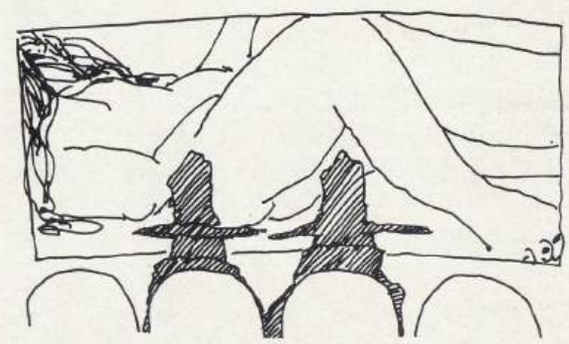
nightie, with a high neck and long sleeves, some flowery cologne that was as far from musk oil as I could find, and did a whole Victorian number on my man. In bed I would peck him on the cheek, stroke his hair, and tell him how protective he made me feel, but I didn't touch him below the waist.

After three nights of this treatment, in the middle of the night I awakened to feel something hard, hot and familiar pressing against my back. I didn't want to cause a setback in this wonderful progress, so I pretended to be asleep, and only moaned softly to show my pleasure. My fellow responded by pressing against me harder and slipping his swollen cock between my legs. I was wet and ready instantly after a three week dry spell, so I just wiggled around until it slid home, and rocked back and forth with my lover, who was really turned on himself. We both came in a few seconds, and he groaned so loud I was afraid the people in the next apartment would hear him, but I never let on that I was awake.

After a few nights of this game my fellow actually started making love to me again just like he did before. I guess he was reassured that he was still in charge in bed after I gave him a chance to take a more traditionally masculine role. **A.V.**
Omaha, NE



X-RATED TURN-ON

My husband absolutely loves pornographic movies. I'm still a little shy about things like that, even in this day and age, so I would never see any with him. I felt it would be embarrassing to see other men going into the theater and have them all wonder how I was going to react to the movie. Unfortunately, my husband kept

pressuring me to go with him to these movies. He said he got lonely at them and that he would come home all turned on and all I wanted to do was watch Johnny Carson.

Finally I had a brilliant idea. I put on a pair of corduroy slacks, borrowed a shirt and sweater that belonged to my husband (we're about the same size), and pushed all my hair out of sight under a knitted cap. Then I darkened my eyebrows with mascara, removed all my other makeup, and looked in the mirror at a very convincing and handsome young man. I went out into the living room and leaned over my husband's shoulder (he was reading the paper) and whispered, "I'd really like to see 'Wet Rainbow' tonight, honey." First he nearly fainted, then when he turned around and saw me he was literally speechless.

After a few protests about how someone might think he was gay, being out with an innocent-looking young "man," he agreed to take me to the local porn palace. Once we got there I was afraid some of the fellows might realize I wasn't really a man, but they were so interested in the movie they didn't even notice me. Much to my surprise, I was very turned-on by the movie. I had the time of my life, especially when we got home. My husband and I plan to make these nights out at the movie a regular thing.

L.R.
Phoenix, AZ

PROFESSIONAL REASONS

I just finished reading the article about breasts in your November issue. I don't think the author gave mammoplasty a fair shake. I'll be the first to admit that a woman who has her breasts enlarged because she thinks it will improve her sex life or to find a rich husband or save her marriage, has done it for the wrong reasons. However, there are some very good reasons to have this operation.

Last year I had my breasts enlarged for professional reasons. I am a topless dancer and before my operation my breasts were only 32A. With breasts this small I had to dance twice as well as a

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dancer with large breasts. Those girls just have to get up on the stage and shake their tits around. I really had to work hard just to get a job and my tips were almost nonexistent.

Now, with larger, firmer breasts, I am earning much more. I am not saying the operation was easy or fun. My upper torso and underarms were badly bruised and I was very sore for several months, but it was worth it.

I feel much more confident on stage when I remove my bra. My 36-22-34 figure doesn't shortchange the customers. I can give them the show they came to see, and I love my new boobs. I'd have the surgery again, even if it cost three times as much or was twice as risky.

As I said at the beginning, I didn't have my breasts enlarged to improve my sex life. Ever since I was 15, even with a 32AAA bust, I've always enjoyed a good fuck. But that's another letter.

I just wanted to say that if a woman wants to change the size of her breasts, I highly recommend it. But do it for the right reasons and choose your surgeon with great care.

C.D.
Las Vegas, NV

ALL MY LOLITAS

People always talk about the molestation of minors and the corruption of the innocent and all that stuff. They've probably conjured up images of lecherous old men with blubbering, salivating lips seeking little girls in spotless white dresses who can turn from seductive nymphet to crybaby at the drop of a hat. Well, let me tell you there are many miles of sweet, sweet pain between those concepts of young woman and little girl. I know all about it!

Any man who's been a teacher of adolescent girls knows exactly what I'm talking about, unless he's one of those clowns who talks about Jennifer's educational development and fails to notice her chest development.

Just the other day, Maureen stayed after class because she said she couldn't find something in her desk. When I went to see exactly what the problem was, she crossed her legs so that her skirt rode up and showed the edge of her panties. So what am I supposed to do? Pretend nothing is happening? Be a decent sexless teacher so some snotty nosed boy in her grade can get into her? Just for once I wanted to speak the truth so I told Maureen she had lovely thighs. What happened? She glared at me, and called me a 'dirty old man.' A dirty old man at 32! You see my sweet pain?

I was marking Susan's papers the other day, while she sat next to me stabbing her new breasts into my shoulder. As she nestled up to me all I could really think about was what her friend Gladys whispers around the classroom: "Susan's been all the way. She loves it!"

Why doesn't someone look at my side of things for a change? I mean age, like sex, has its chauvinisms.

Only once did I throw caution to the wind and get blown, fucked and married! They had a picture of us in the local paper. Teacher marries student child-bride! As I write this letter, my wife Sheila, now 18, drops a hand into my lap. She knows all about my caged lusts in the classroom zoo. She understands and like me has her own needs. Just wanted to tell you all about it!

F.R.
Hartford, CT

LOOSE AT LAST

I have been married for two years and until recently, I was very sexually inhibited. My husband bought me a subscription to the *Advisor* in hopes of loosening me up somewhat. I also tried reading medical books on sex and talked to a counselor but nothing really helped. I still was unable

to respond to my husband the way I wanted to. Needless to say, I did not experience a climax. My husband blames it on my rigid religious upbringing. I don't know if that was the cause, but whatever it was, I was pretty frustrated.

About six months ago, I was suffering from an impacted wisdom tooth that made it very difficult for me to sleep at night. My dentist prescribed a very powerful painkiller to get me through the night. The first time I took one I couldn't believe how strange and lightheaded it made me feel. I went straight to bed, lying there in a kind of warm, fuzzy haze, half awake and half asleep. A little bit later, my husband came in and started to undress. I watched him foggily. I definitely did not feel like myself; ordinarily I am rather shy about looking directly at his penis. But that night I couldn't keep my eyes off it. He caught me staring at his genitals and looked at me in a sort of puzzled and questioning way. I felt my pubic area getting warm and itchy and I can dimly remember thinking "Hey, I'm getting excited." I smiled at him and he sat down beside me on the bed, wearing only

continued on page 94

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After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by ¾" and nearly ½" in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L. Catford, London

My wife and I go to alot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now 1¼" longer and ½" thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women *do* think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis

causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of "The Penis." The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was 17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found.

The table on this page shows the results obtained.

Case No.	Age	LENGTH Starting	LENGTH Ending	LENGTH Change of	GIRTH Starting	GIRTH Ending	GIRTH Change of
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64	Dropped out of trial					
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6:1	.9
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9

Detailed Instructions

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, he illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step—detail by detail, he describes the effective methods, how to employ them, and how long it will take to achieve remarkable results.

Acclaimed in Europe

Dr. Richards achievement is truly a landmark. After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented. "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training...in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

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If for *any* reason you are not satisfied with the important information contained in *The Penis*, just return it within 10 days for an immediate refund.

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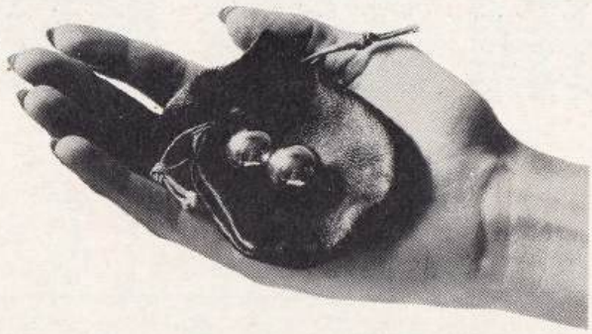

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his T-shirt. He leaned over and gave me a slow, sensuous open-mouthed kiss, and I found my hand acting like it had a will of its own, reaching out and caressing his penis. His cock jerked a little bit under my touch, then began to swell and rise. I clasped my hand around it, thinking "What has come over me?" I started to massage his penis until he couldn't stand it any more. He pulled the covers down, practically ripped off my nightgown, and began to rub my genitals. I felt as if I were on fire. I pulled him on top of me and spread my legs apart. He was so excited that he couldn't get it in, so I reached down and guided his enormous, throbbing penis into my vagina. I was so turned on that I was all wet and slippery and it slid in easily. I can remember how surprised I was that sex could be like this. My husband came rather quickly. I did not, but I was still eager so he rubbed my clitoris with his hand until I was wild with passion. Then he pressed down hard and I actually yelled out loud as I came. Now I know why people say if you don't know what an orgasm is, you haven't had one.

I don't know if it was the drug that relaxed my inhibitions, or just the result of all my attempts to educate myself, but I do know that I am happier now than I ever dreamed I could be. **S.L.**

Chattanooga, TN

THE CONSULTANT

I don't like to write letters very much but I had an experience that I can't share with any of my friends, and I really need to get it off my chest.

I am a secretary for the vice-president of a large aerospace firm, and most of the employees are men. I've dated a few of them but have never gotten into any heavy sex scenes even though I am considered very attractive and the fellows were certainly ready and willing. In fact, I guess I have a reputation as "hard to make." That may be what led to the thing I need to talk about.

Last week, two of the fellows at work

invited me to a "Thank God It's Friday" party they held for a visiting consultant. I always like a good party so I went along to the motel where the consultant was staying. He had a whole suite to himself, so he must be pretty important. And he was certainly attractive: blonde, muscular, with very sexy hazel eyes that looked right through me. I'll call him George, which is not his real name. Anyway, we all sat around talking and the scotch was flowing pretty freely. Then the conversation turned to sex. The guys from work started teasing me about being a virgin, which I am not, and George started to defend me. He said I shouldn't be ashamed of having high standards and he came over and sat down next to me. I was very attracted to him so I didn't mind it when he slipped his arm around me. The sex talk continued for a while and suddenly I noticed that George was really getting turned on; I couldn't help but see the growing bulge in his pants. I felt myself getting pretty hot and sticky by then, so I didn't object when George asked the other fellows to leave so we could talk. Everyone knew what was happening, but I was so crazy to get at this

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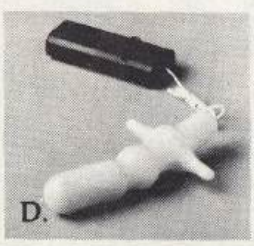
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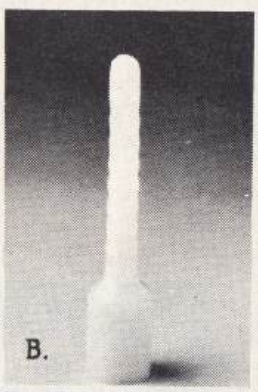
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gorgeous, sympathetic man that I didn't care.

The minute the other guys left we lunged at each other. He pulled my skirt up and ran his hand between my legs and I nearly came when his fingers played over my clit. He pulled my bikini briefs down and I couldn't resist any longer. I unzipped his fly and pulled out his stiff red cock. He slid down onto my lap, I spread my legs wide and he slipped it in me, pressing deeper and deeper until I thought I would faint. We wrapped our legs around each other and rocked back and forth in the chair until we both came together in a really great climax, one of the best I've ever had.

Afterwards, we had a long dinner in the motel dining room, then went upstairs for an encore that lasted all night. The next day at work I got a lot of funny looks, and I wondered if I had been the victim of a set-up, but it really doesn't matter. I'm just waiting until my special consultant comes to town again. ◑

B.D.
Anaheim, CA

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